SCREENLAND

ICC

MARCH

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FEB 18 1943
COPY
CENTRAL SERIAL RECORD

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Veronica Lake

MOR PHOTOS FULL COLOR! HOLLYWOOD'S WAR BABIES!

Why I Won't Be A Furlough Bride!" by Alexis Smith

Scoop: Private Life Pictures of Dinah Shore

Will he whisper Praises about your Skin?

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mrs. Roger Van Schoyck

CINCINNATI, OHIO

"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."



Tonight... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.



Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

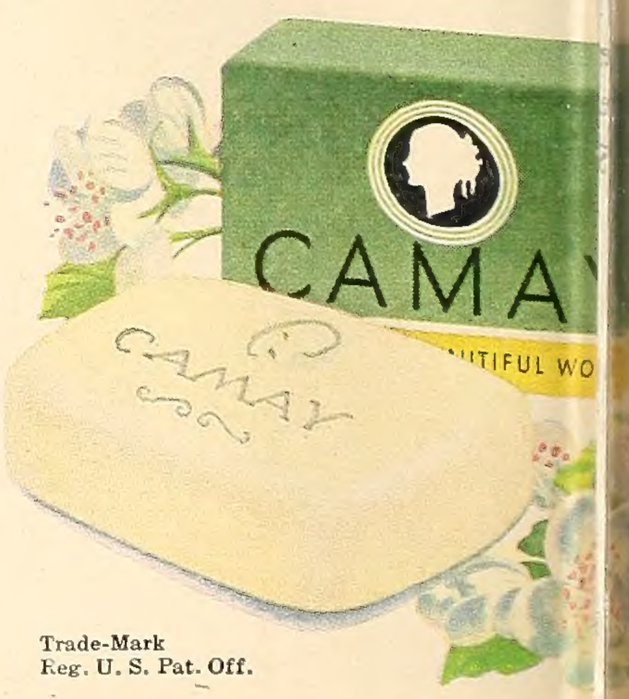
A little time, a little care... a lovelier you!

This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely b

HOW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's Most Beautiful Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!

B 15 1943

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile is a key to hearts!



Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!

SUCH MUSIC!

WHAT A SHOW!

M·G·M'S HAPPY HIT FROM THE SENSATIONAL BROADWAY MUSICAL!

Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars —and songs—and spectacle—in the famed M-G-M manner!

CABIN IN THE SKY

starring

Ethel **WATERS** famed singer of torch songs!

EDDIE (ROCHESTER) **ANDERSON** at his funniest yet

Lena **HORNE** screen's new gorgeous song bird!

with LOUIS ARMSTRONG • REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS FAMOUS ORCHESTRA MAKE THE SCREEN SHAKE WITH RHYTHM!

HEAVENLY MUSIC TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!

"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ABETH WILSON,
tern Representative

ION MARTONE,
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL,
Art Director

JEAN DUVAL,
Staff Photographer

March, 1943

Vol. XLVI, No. 5

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS
KEEP IT UP!

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....Delight Evans 19
Hollywood's War Babies.....Jack Holland 20
MacMurray In A Hurry. Fred MacMurray.....Romayne 22
She's the Soldiers' Sweetheart! Dinah Shore.....Elizabeth Wilson 24
Why I Won't Be A Furlough Bride by Alexis Smith.....
.....as told to Gladys Hall 26
Boyer's Double Life. Charles Boyer.....Dugal O'Liam 28
He Hurls Laugh Bombs. Jack Oakie.....Charles Darnton 30
"School for Sabotage." Complete fictionization
Elizabeth B. Petersen 38
Gig's Going Places. Gig Young.....S. R. Mook 42

FULL-COLOR PORTRAITS:

Katharine Hepburn, starring in "Keeper of the Flame," M-G-M.. 23
Alan Ladd, appearing in "Lucky Jordan" for Paramount..... 32
Janet Blair, playing in Columbia's "Something to Shout About".. 40

SPECIAL PICTURE PAGES: Dona Drake, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford, Philip Dorn, John Wayne, Jane Russell, John Carroll, Pat O'Brien, Marilyn Maxwell. Spring Fashions posed by Jane Wyman and Maria Montez.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood 6
Honor Page 8
Inside the Stars' Homes. Jean Rogers.....Betty Boone 10
Fans' Forum 12
Your Guide to Current Films.....Delight Evans 14
"Listen, Boys—" and Girls!.....Josephine Felts 54
Guide to Glamor 55
Here's Hollywood .....Weston East 56
Recent Films Reviewed In a Flash..... 59
Screen-Town Chatter 76

Natural Color Cover Portrait of VERONICA LAKE (appearing in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm"), by A. L. Whitey Shafer

Paul Hunter, President
mer Rockwell, Vice President and Advertising Manager — D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

blished monthly by Hunter Publications, Inc., Executive and Editorial Offices, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York y. Advertising Offices: 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth , Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful ention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.00 in Canada; foreign $2.50. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in vance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 23, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1942 by Hunter Publications, Inc.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

★ ★ ★ ★

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

★ ★ ★ ★

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame".

★ ★ ★ ★

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

★ ★ ★

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

★ ★ ★

Well, they were too tough at that.



—Lea



The one subject about which no woman should live in doubt!

Continuous action for hours with safe new way in feminine hygiene!

No woman should be denied the facts . . . the *up-to-date* facts about feminine hygiene! Your married happiness, your health and well-being may be at stake, unless you know the truth!

Unfortunately, many women who *think* they know have only *half knowledge* . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

* * *

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to *Zonitors* —the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white *greaseless* suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by *destroying* odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and *give continuous medication for hours!*

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. So convenient; no apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

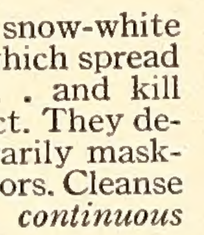
FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7310A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Zonitors





HOT from Hollywood



Picture at top shows Ronald Colman playing the chimes while Nelson Eddy sings. The two stars have been giving a lot of their time to service men's benefits. Right, when Lucille Ball was teamed with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello at a benefit performance, b-a-d boy Lou insisted on playing baby so he could sit on her lap.

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE"—*very* old acquaintance there will be between Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, before they make a picture together again. There were arguments morning, noon, and night. Bette, who is loved by cast and crew, refused to fight with Miriam. But the strain told on Bette, who puts in a sixteen-hour day, what with her canteen work and all. The gang on the set wanted to pitch in and present Miriam with an "Oscar," for being the actress they hoped never to work with again! They say Bette found out about it just in time and begged the boys to be the good sport she was trying to be.

ABBOTT and Costello were on the w to their broadcast recently. At Holl wood and Vine they saw a huge crow gathered. "Hey, Abbott," screamed Co tello. "There's been an accident. Here's chance for us to try out our first aid." T boys leaped out of the car and worm their way through the crowd. There in t center stood a young farmer. In front him was a crate of fresh eggs! The crow was buying up the precious hen fruit, fast as he could box it. "Okay, Abbot said Costello. "Let's get over to the broa casting station and lay our own eggs!"

(*Please turn to page 9*)



IT'S the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second date with Lulu "he wanted out."

It was "Sailor, Beware!"

Sure, Lulu was a good-looker. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

If men and women would only realize how offensive bad breath can be, they wouldn't risk offending this way. There's no doubt of it, off-color breath is two strikes against you from the start.

Why take a chance when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful and quick precaution? Simply rinse your mouth with it before any date.

Note how Listerine Antiseptic freshens and invigorates your mouth. And how much sweeter and more agreeable your breath becomes.

How it Acts

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth, then overcomes the odors it causes. Fermentation, you know, is held by some authorities to be the major source of off-color breath, although some cases may be of systemic origin.

Before Every Date

Don't take your breath for granted. Put your best foot forward so that others will like you. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE! *There's another member of the Listerine family that you ought to try. It is Listerine Tooth Paste. From the standpoint of gentle and thorough cleansing it yields to none, and the big 40¢ tube lasts many as long as 90 days.*

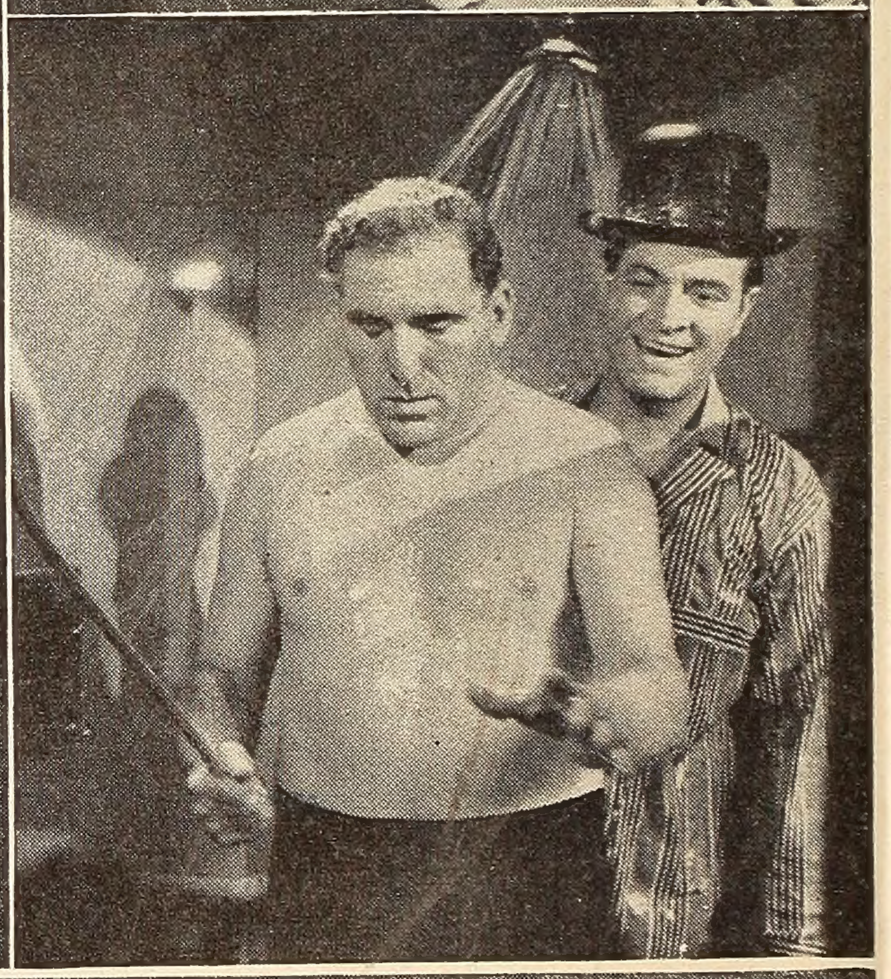
Cheers for the star-studded musical movie, "Star Spangled Rhythm" —and particularly for its bright particular star, Betty Hutton

Madcap Betty Hutton steals every scene in which she appears in Paramount's "Star Spangled Rhythm," even though she has such stiff competition as Eddie Bracken (below), Victor Moore (right), Bing Crosby (right center) and Bob Hope (shown at lower right in screamingly funny shower scene with William Bendix).









Screenland Honor Page

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6



'HAT Hollywood trade paper doesn't know how close it came to being sued by nn Sheridan. As a rule Annie shrugs her retty shoulders at petty gossip. But she as really burned when it said that Errol lynn's roses were arriving every day. lso, that the romance has been "in force" r a lot longer than you think. In Ann's wn words, "It's a lie and I've yet to see single rose. If Errol is buying them for e, somebody else is receiving them." And at is *that*.

WHEN it comes to using her bean, there's no stopping Bette Davis. The oldiers at her beloved Hollywood Canteen ave asked her many strange questions. ne night a couple of them said, "Tell us, iss Davis, who has the prettiest legs in ollywood?" Without batting an eye, Bette mediately replied: "My hairdresser, argaret Donovan, Jane Wyman, and arlene Dietrich." (Yes, that's the order e gave 'em in!)



pp, Dorothy Lamour at Mocambo with Capt. illiam J. Howard, III, New York socialite. bove, Ronald Colman, Sue Hayward, George urphy at a benefit radio rehearsal. The eard is for George's rôle in "Bataan Patrol."

...and now from
WARNER BROS.
comes as exciting
and timely a
motion picture as
ever you've seen!



They're All
BIG PICTURES

GENE'S IN THE AIR CORPS
BUT YOU CAN STILL
THRILL TO HIS
GREATEST HITS!



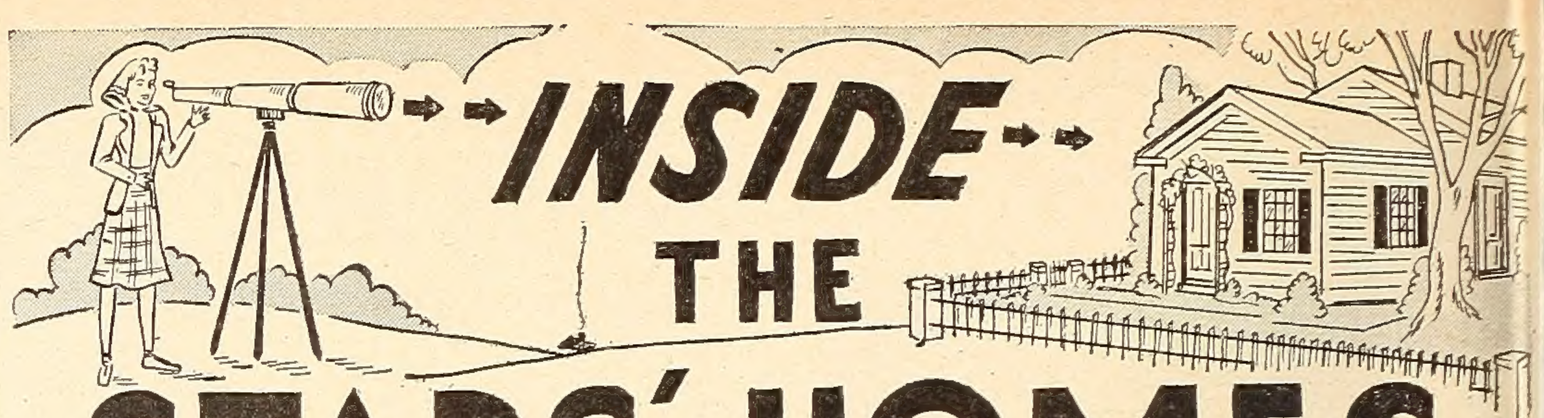
Great news! Republic is re-issuing the best of the Autrys. Watch for them! They've got all the songs and fun and adventure that made Gene your favorite cowboy star!

Gene Autry
and SMILEY BURNETTE in

★ BOOTS AND SADDLES
★ THE OLD BARN DANCE
★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
★ MEXICALI ROSE
★ IN OLD MONTEREY
★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER
★ GAUCHO SERENADE
★ RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE



They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES



INSIDE THE ★STARS' HOMES★

Give a Meatless Day Party, as suggested here by lovely Jean Rogers

By Betty Boone

GIVE Jean Rogers an obstacle to overcome and right away she's interested. Things smooth and easy bore her. So she's just the girl to pick out meatless days for her buffet suppers.

"Meatless days," says she, "call for ingenuity in selecting dishes that satisfy appetites as well as eyes. Half the fun of getting up a party is making your table attractive, but you can't concentrate too much on color schemes and pretty dishes —solid food has its definite appeal to the party-goer today. War work makes for hearty appetites.

"Mother comes from Sweden where fish is a sort of national dish, and her recipes are interesting. So on meatless days, I like to serve fish. Sometimes it's fish casserole; sometimes it's fish platter. Tonight we have flounder and cheese, with a few shrimps as trimming."

(*Please turn to page 84*)



M-G-M photos





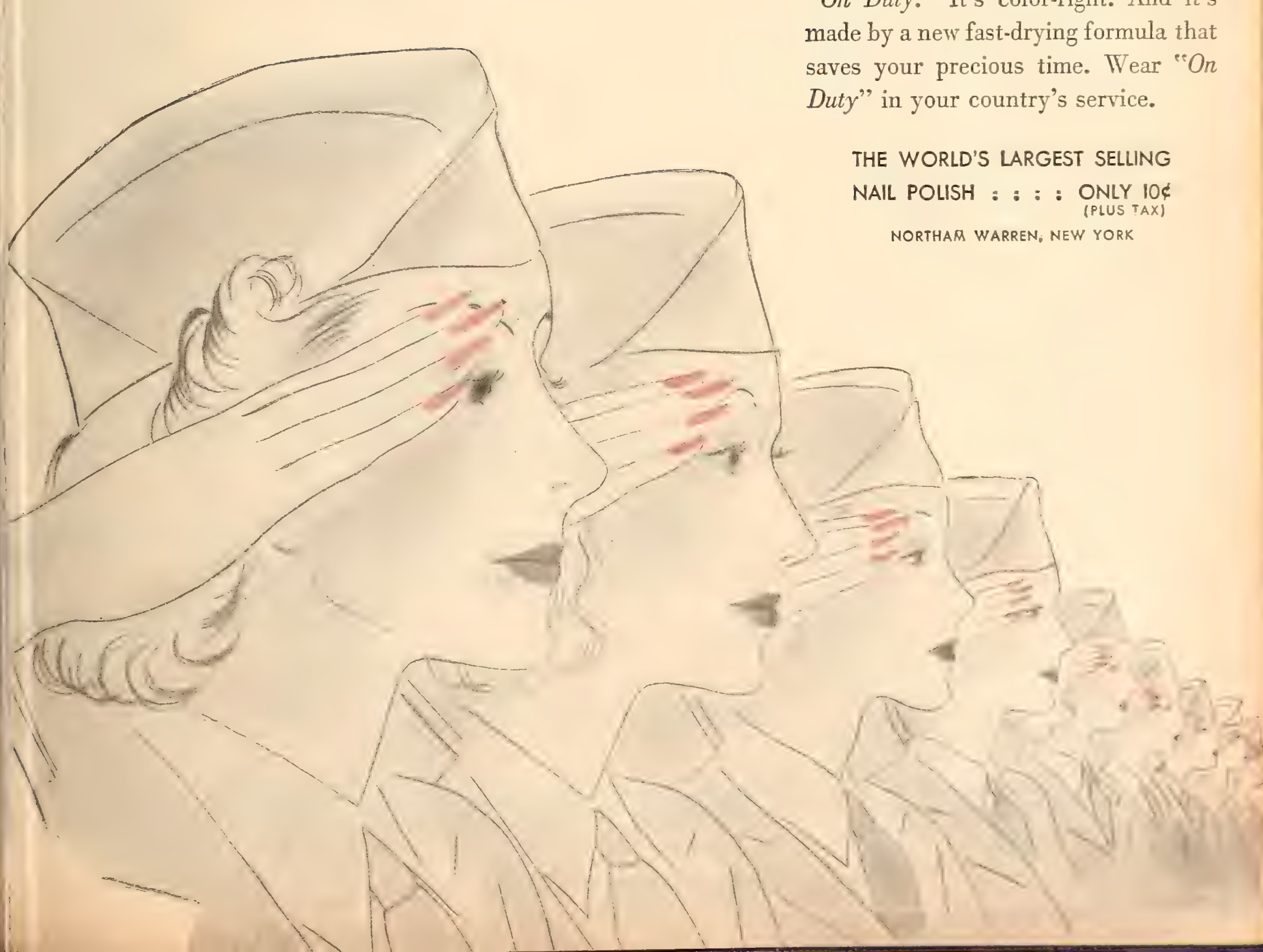
For Wear in your Country's Service

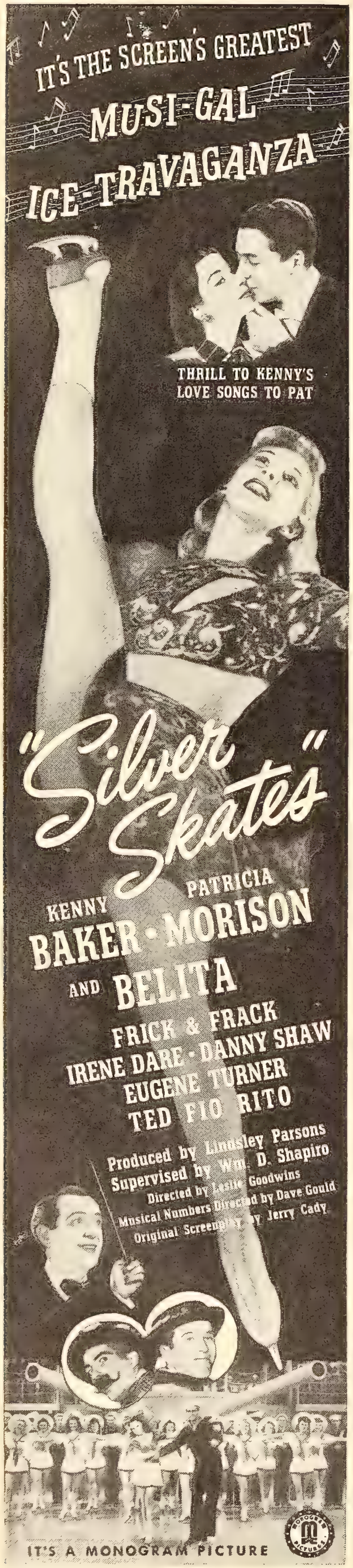
CUTEX PRESENTS "ON DUTY"

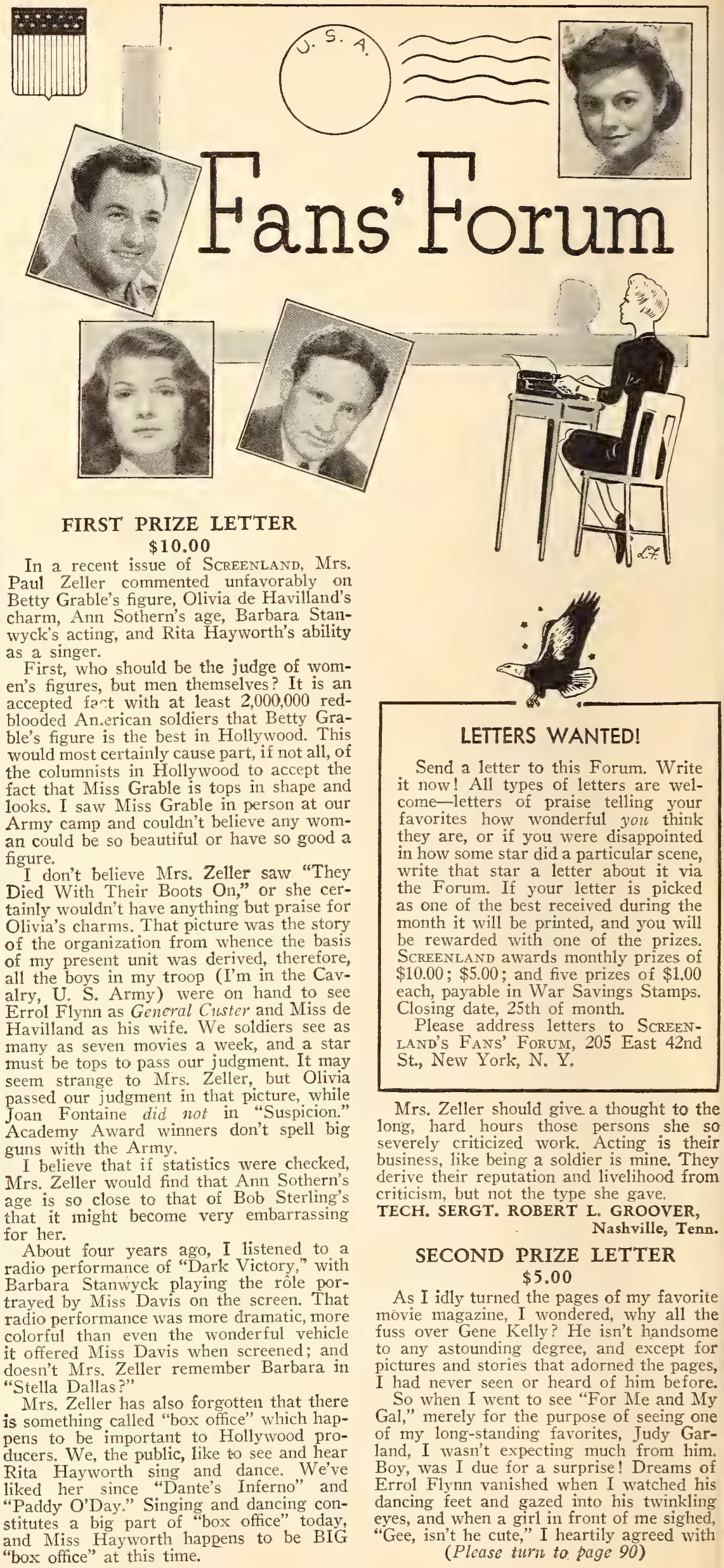
Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country . . . the new Cutex "*On Duty*." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "*On Duty*" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
NAIL POLISH : : : : ONLY 10¢
(PLUS TAX)

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK







Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

In a recent issue of SCREENLAND, Mrs. Paul Zeller commented unfavorably on Betty Grable's figure, Olivia de Havilland's charm, Ann Sothern's age, Barbara Stanwyck's acting, and Rita Hayworth's ability as a singer.

First, who should be the judge of women's figures, but men themselves? It is an accepted fact with at least 2,000,000 red-blooded American soldiers that Betty Grable's figure is the best in Hollywood. This would most certainly cause part, if not all, of the columnists in Hollywood to accept the fact that Miss Grable is tops in shape and looks. I saw Miss Grable in person at our Army camp and couldn't believe any woman could be so beautiful or have so good a figure.

I don't believe Mrs. Zeller saw "They Died With Their Boots On," or she certainly wouldn't have anything but praise for Olivia's charms. That picture was the story of the organization from whence the basis of my present unit was derived, therefore, all the boys in my troop (I'm in the Cavalry, U. S. Army) were on hand to see Errol Flynn as *General Custer* and Miss de Havilland as his wife. We soldiers see as many as seven movies a week, and a star must be tops to pass our judgment. It may seem strange to Mrs. Zeller, but Olivia passed our judgment in that picture, while Joan Fontaine *did not* in "Suspicion." Academy Award winners don't spell big guns with the Army.

I believe that if statistics were checked, Mrs. Zeller would find that Ann Sothern's age is so close to that of Bob Sterling's that it might become very embarrassing for her.

About four years ago, I listened to a radio performance of "Dark Victory," with Barbara Stanwyck playing the rôle portrayed by Miss Davis on the screen. That radio performance was more dramatic, more colorful than even the wonderful vehicle it offered Miss Davis when screened; and doesn't Mrs. Zeller remember Barbara in "Stella Dallas?"

Mrs. Zeller has also forgotten that there is something called "box office" which happens to be important to Hollywood producers. We, the public, like to see and hear Rita Hayworth sing and dance. We've liked her since "Dante's Inferno" and "Paddy O'Day." Singing and dancing constitutes a big part of "box office" today, and Miss Hayworth happens to be BIG "box office" at this time.

LETTERS WANTED!

Send a letter to this Forum. Write it now! All types of letters are welcome—letters of praise telling your favorites how wonderful *you* think they are, or if you were disappointed in how some star did a particular scene, write that star a letter about it via the Forum. If your letter is picked as one of the best received during the month it will be printed, and you will be rewarded with one of the prizes. SCREENLAND awards monthly prizes of $10.00; $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Zeller should give a thought to the long, hard hours those persons she so severely criticized work. Acting is their business, like being a soldier is mine. They derive their reputation and livelihood from criticism, but not the type she gave.

TECH. SERGT. ROBERT L. GROOVER,
Nashville, Tenn.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

As I idly turned the pages of my favorite movie magazine, I wondered, why all the fuss over Gene Kelly? He isn't handsome to any astounding degree, and except for pictures and stories that adorned the pages, I had never seen or heard of him before.

So when I went to see "For Me and My Gal," merely for the purpose of seeing one of my long-standing favorites, Judy Garland, I wasn't expecting much from him. Boy, was I due for a surprise! Dreams of Errol Flynn vanished when I watched his dancing feet and gazed into his twinkling eyes, and when a girl in front of me sighed, "Gee, isn't he cute," I heartily agreed with

(*Please turn to page 90*)



THE LOVE STORY THAT WAS *Hushed* UNTIL PEARL HARBOR

One night she found love after years of waiting . . . and at dawn this round-the-world girl flier faced the most desperate sacrifice America ever asked of any woman—or any man. The navy's most amazing pre-war secret probed in a great and startling love story.

ROSALIND RUSSELL · FRED MacMURRAY

"FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

HERBERT MARSHALL

EDWARD CIANNELLI · WALTER KINGSFORD

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Lothar Mendes

Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and S. K. Lauren

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE



Irresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF FINDING YOU!



THAT Irresistible SOMETHING IS IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you . . . and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . 10c



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY Delight Evans



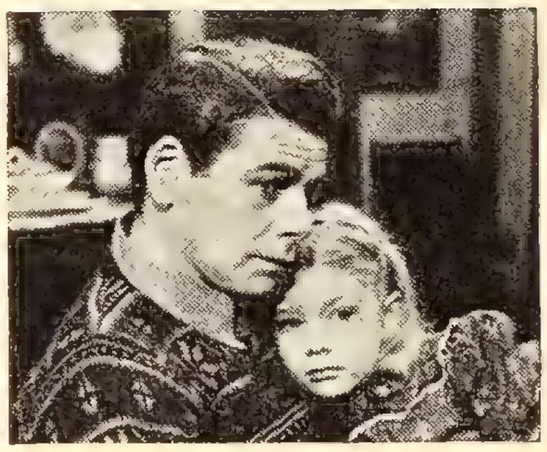
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—*Paramount*

Super music show of the season, a rollicking revue so crammed with comedy and celebrities you should really see it twice to get the full effect. Scene is the Paramount studio, with Victor Moore as the gateman masquerading as head of the film factory to show sailor son Eddie Bracken and pals the sights. Aided and abetted by Betty Hutton, the studio is turned upside down and the greatest stars put on a big show. Bob Hope is master of ceremonies; stars include Crosby, Lamour, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, MacMurray. See it!



WHO DONE IT?—*Universal*

This time your favorite clowns, Abbott and Costello, appear as soda dispensers aspiring to become radio script writers. Let loose in a radio station where a mystery play is being enacted, they crash a real murder, and in their efforts to "unravel" it they'll have you howling, from mirth and suspense. Of course it's chubby Lou who finally tracks down the killer, after a bloodcurdling chase. High spot: Costello's telephone booth tantrum. In support: lovely Louise Allbritton, William Bendix, Patric Knowles. Funniest A-C so far!



COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—*Columbia*

This stirring screen drama, based on C. S. Forester's "The Commandos," depicts the plight of an invaded nation, and brings Paul Muni back to pictures as a Norwegian patriot who leads his people in revolt against the Nazis; and after an escape returns to guide the British Commandos in a victorious raid which costs his life. Filmed with actual trainees, raids have an authentic ring. Muni gives a smooth, skillful performance. Anna Lee, Lillian Gish head a capable supporting cast. It's a forceful war document. Don't miss it.



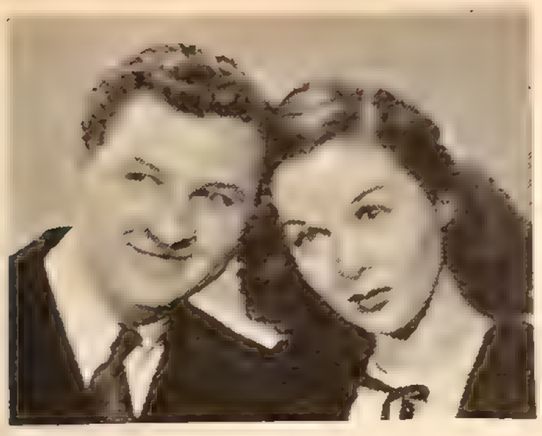
LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY—*20th Century-Fox*

A sentimental comedy-drama about the self-sacrificing devotion of a daughter for her father, a once-great stage actor whose drinking brings about his downfall. Monty Woolley does a brilliant piece of acting as the bombastic, sarcastic has-been. Ida Lupino wins sympathy with her fine work as his long-suffering crippled child, who, unable to rehabilitate him, decides to seek happiness for herself, and marries *Robert,* Cornel Wilde's first important rôle. Sara Allgood, good as a wealthy retired actress. An entertaining film.



CHINA GIRL—*20th Century-Fox*

A thriller in which George Montgomery is cast as a cocky American newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, whom the enemy try to trick into filming locales helpful to their cause. Montgomery makes the most of the many opportunities the rôle affords, but Gene Tierney, as the Chinese girl he falls for, lacks feeling, though her beauty is as eye-catching as usual. Lynn Bari is outstanding as a spy teamed with the burly Victor McLaglen. The story drags a bit and ends too abruptly, but it has some exciting action-filled sequences.



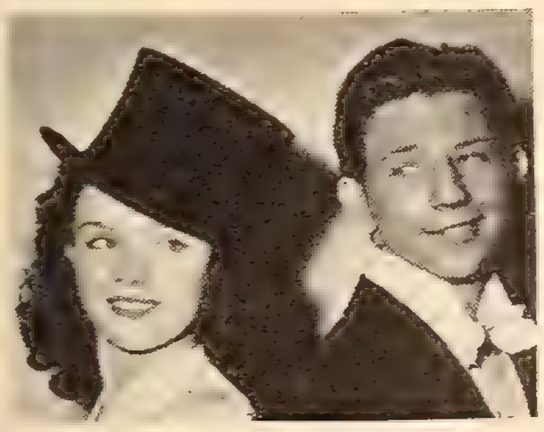
YOUNG AND WILLING—*United Artists*

The younger generation and those who at some time have thought of embarking on a theatrical career will get a lot of laughs out of this fun-filled comedy about would-be actors who plot to interest a producer enough to have him sit through a rehearsal of their show. It turns out to be the producer's own play—his lost manuscript. Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, Barbara Britton, William Holden, Eddie Bracken, James Brown are splendid as the stage-struck kids. Scenes where Eddie is introduced to the new Stanislawsky acting method are hilarious. Florence MacMichael gets laughs, too, as the prissy girl friend who disapproves of their way of living.



ARABIAN NIGHTS—*Universal*

A screen version of the famous fantasy about the feud between the *Caliph of Bagdad* (Jon Hall) and his brother (Leif Erikson), who has Jon spirited away so he can become king. Filmed in Technicolor, the effect of glittering sands, colorful costumes, spectacular sets is a beautiful sight which alone makes this movie worth seeing. Sabu plays acrobat *Ali-Ben-Ali,* who saves the *Caliph.* Maria Montez portrays *Shera,* Oriental dancing girl, whom Jon makes queen of his harem, which has many curve-revealing beauties. Sword-play, riding and slave market scenes supply thrills, action. Billy Gilbert and Shemp Howard, as Sinbaad, furnish comedy. All performances good.



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—*Universal*

A lively screen musical with Allan Jones as the title's *Johnny*—a soldier-hero who, in trying to avoid the spotlight, gives the impression he's a deserter. Jane Frazee is cast as the singer he loves, and Gloria Jean, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor are the talented youngsters who sing, cut rugs, and make merry while trying to bring the lovers together. 16-year-old Donald scores a hit as a comic. The boy's really good and proves he's capable of giving Mickey Rooney some keen competition. Allan Jones, Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee sing, and Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra is film's special attraction. Teen-agers will find this entertaining.

To the girl with a soldier overseas...

How much do you really want him back?



Just how much do you miss your soldier—far across the ocean?

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on? Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk when you could ride, sit home when you might see a movie?

Of course you do! So start denying yourself "extras" and luxuries now. And buy War Bonds with every cent you save! War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

War Bonds mean reinforcements for him right now—a reserve for you both in years to come.

War Bonds mean bombers over Germany and Japan—a shorter war!

War Bonds are a ballot against inflation—your insurance for freedom.

And above that, they're the most cautious and productive investment into which you could put your money. Buy bonds...for your soldier today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1 They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.

2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.

3 They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . pay you interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.

4 You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.

5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY!

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

"SOAPING"

HIDES HAIR BEAUTY—
HALO REVEALS IT!



New-type Halo Shampoo banishes dingy soap-film!

THE luster, the brilliance, the rich natural beauty of your hair will *thrill* you once you have banished dulling "soap-film" with the remarkable new shampoo discovery—Halo.

All soaps and soap shampoos, even the finest, leave soap-film on hair, make it look dull, drab, lifeless. But Halo contains *no* soap. Its amazing new lathering ingredient actually *removes* soap-film from hair the first time you use it. Hair's glorious natural beauty is immediately revealed. And Halo rinses away completely without lemon or vinegar.

Halo leaves hair easy to manage and curl. Banishes loose dandruff. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.



A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR



- GUARANTEED RINGS -
Solid sterling silver birthstone ring; or sparkling white stone ring; or lovely filigree ring with ruby color set; **FOR** selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Send No Money. **Order 4 salve** today. Post Card will do.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO, BOX22, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5¢-10¢ stores.

CLIP THIS COUPON

GOLDEN PEACOCK, Dept. S, Paris, Tenn.
Please send me trial jar Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. I want to try it.
My name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

BENEFIT GOLF MATCH!

Big attraction for Hollywoodites was benefit golf match held at Wilshire Country Club with all proceeds going to the Citizens' Committee for Army-Navy Relief. Our candid cameraman, Jean Duval, was on hand as usual





Golfers both pro and amateur participated, but the gallery was mainly interested in the movie star golfers. Although the match was won by a pro, interest was keen in Bob Hope. Above, Jinx Falkenburg feeds Hope hot dogs, while Paulette Goddard laughs. Left, Marjorie Reynolds cautions Linda Darnell about scoring all the strokes for Fred Astaire.

Glamor gals amused the service men by acting as ushers, caddies, hot dog merchants. On opposite page, reading from top, Dinah Shore gets a candid closeup of Paulette; Humphrey Bogart, as official scorekeeper, takes time out for hot dogs with his wife and caddy Goddard wishes Hope luck as Bogart backs up twosome.

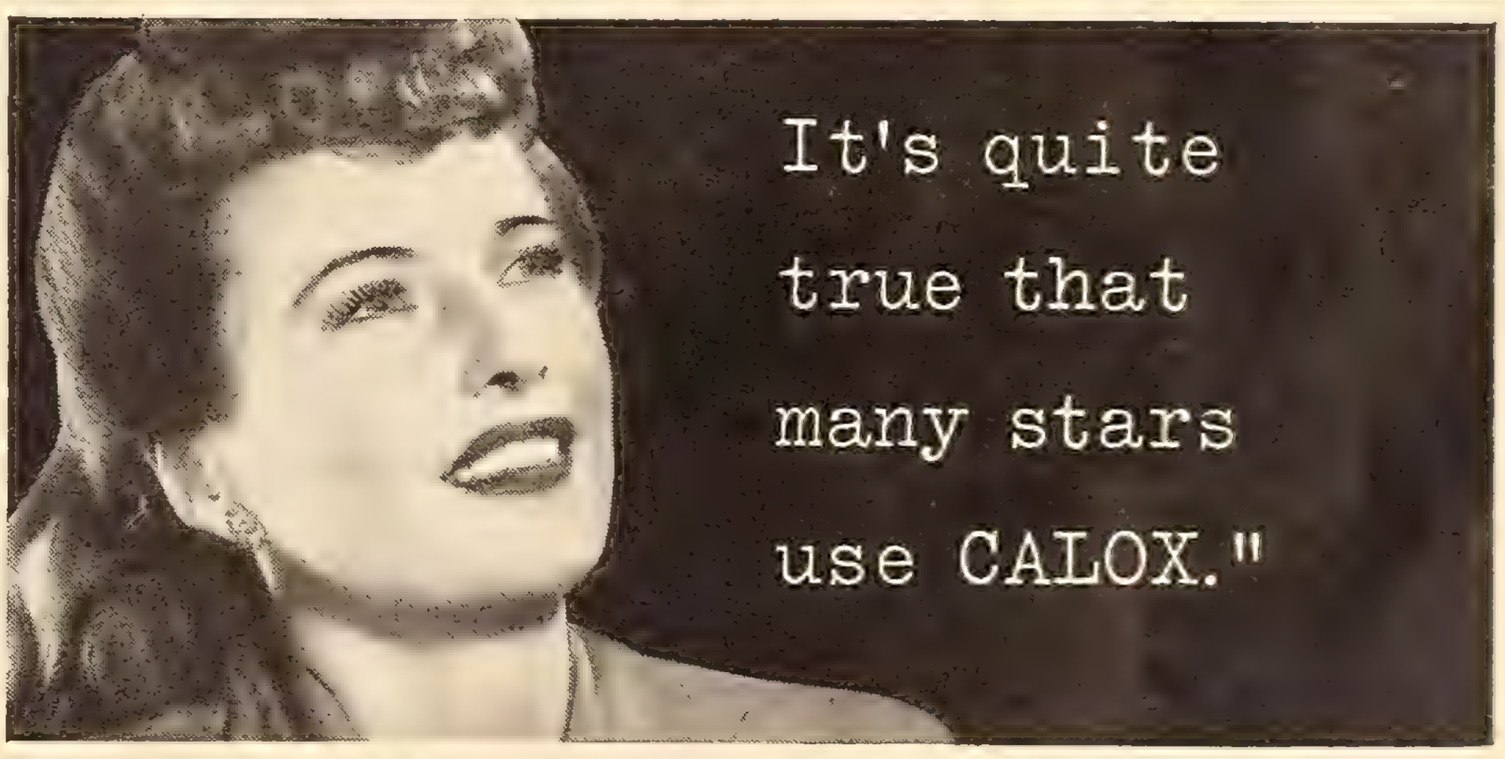


BARBARA STANWYCK speaking:

Star of "G-STRING MURDERS," A Hunt Stromberg Production, released thru United Artists









A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *the utmost sparkle and brilliance* consistent with absolute safety. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Complete safety—even for problem teeth. Calox Powder is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No strong medication, no mouth-puckering taste. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Connecticut—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants who smashed Rommel in Africa! . . . And even more, the stirring story of the human emotions and passions that flamed in their blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY
FONDA
MAUREEN
O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

with

THOMAS MITCHELL

ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER · MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER · MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL

Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

The Editor's Page

n Open Letter o Mary Martin



The Editor is conducting a little campaign to make Hollywood more Mary Martin-conscious! See "Honey-Chile" Martin in "Happy Go Lucky" and you'll know the reason why

Hi, Honey Chile!

Isn't it about time that Hollywood discovered ou all over again? When you were first signed or pictures from the Broadway stage as the "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" girl, you started a small onflagration in the studios; but since then the fire as gone out. Why?

Could it be that Hollywood is taking you for ranted? All because you're such a nice, sincere, own-to-earth sort of person who doesn't put on n act all the time? Outside of that Southern ccent—which you've been trying to overcome ithout success (although why you should wish o drown that sultry drawl with a Yankee twang s beyond me) you save all your showmanship or screen and radio. Maybe Hollywood can't nderstand a blues singer who is a perfect little lady in private life, with a happy home life and a husband and baby she brags about. It's that voice of yours! That strip-tease voice that can take a hitherto innocuous song and turn it into the hottest tune that ever came over the air waves, so sizzling it's been banned ever since. That voice that doesn't seem to go with the rest of you at all. But then, I think "the real Mary Martin" has yet to be revealed on the screen. When the paying customers see you in your new naughty-but-nice rôle in "Happy Go Lucky" they will start screaming to see and hear more of you, and then—I hope—Hollywood will wake up.

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD'S

The war baby boom is
Three glamorous star
Brenda Joyce, Veroni
Lake and Jane Wyma
tell you why they belie
in wartime motherho



20th Century-Fox photo

Brenda Joyce and her baby daughter. Beautiful Brenda, at right, is the wife of Lieut. Owen Ward. Baby closeups contributed by courtesy of Davy Joseph James, adorable tot who appeared with Marlene Dietrich in "The Lady Is Willing," and other films.

IN THESE troubled times of war, fear, and worry, the inevitable is happening. It has never failed. The war baby boom is on!

Everywhere you hear of maternity hospitals unable to take any more reservations. Of mothers cheerfully having their babies in conditions that would have seemed impossible a year or so ago. Of young mothers alone because of impulsive marriages. Of homes being torn apart. On the surface, this may seem a deplorable situation. Deplorable because in so many instances there hardly appears to be a chance for

WAR BABIES

By Jack Holland



Warner Bros. photo

Veronica Lake, left, mother of a tiny daughter, has very frank opinions on the problem of war babies, and expresses them freely in our exclusive story. Jane Wyman, above with her daughter Maureen, and the wife of Lieut. Ronald Reagan, also gives her views.

normal lives for the newborn infants. The world they are entering, it would seem, is not one conducive to the harmonious rearing of any child.

Yet, in times of peace and comfort, the birth rate drops. When conditions are favorable for children, young married couples apparently aren't so concerned with having babies. So what is the answer for the fact that war brings such a complete change?

There seem to be two answers: the sudden realization of the importance of the home as an American institution, and the courage of those directly affected by babies and war—(*Please turn to page 73*)

MACMURR IN A HURRY!

IN THE year 1934 a movie studio struck a gold mine. Six foot three in stocking feet. I had no part in the discovery thereof, but I had a ringside seat while they prospected. And the interest on that gold mine has been reissued to me each unfolding year. The interest amounting to several million dollars worth. Of laughs. It is because of these laughs that I write this item.

It was at the dead end of that year and the lot was cast that a new leading man should rise and shine. That the lot should be cast so close to my lap hadn't occurred to me, since the world was already too complicated with favorite leading men I hadn't the time to go to the movies to see. I did not look upon it as an enthusiastic departure from office and set routine. But it was for our picture, "The (*Please turn to page 78*)

By Romayne



Face-to-fa
with Fred
this viv
closeup
a great g

Fred's new film, "Flight For Free
dom," co-stars Rosalind Russell


Katharine Hepburn





SHE'S the SOLDIERS' SWEETHEART!

AS SOON as I entered the Green Room at Warne Brothers Studio I knew that somebody most ur usual was there. Bette Davis was staring with wide eyed interest, if a First Lady can be said to stare, an a First Lady can. Ida Lupino, in the bustle of th Brontës, was so intent that she failed to scream at th people at the next table who were surreptitiously givin bones to her dog, Lady. Charles Boyer was ogling so har the vein in his forehead was throbbing, and Paul Her reid was actually pointing, and him a gentleman. Olivi de Havilland, always one to pitch into a good meal whil it's hot, was so busy rubbernecking that everything wa getting cold, including her interview.

To my query, "Who's here? Garbo?" the publicit man told me the cause of all the excitement was Dina Shore, the sing-sing girl, who was making her scree début in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Gasping, "Dina Shore! Not really!" I sat down, hastily polished m glasses, and stared too.

Now, believe me, Hollywood doesn't usually go in fo staring. Celebrities are old in this burg. With the god and goddesses of Mt. Olympus practically in our lap







pp! Private life pictures Dinah Shore, and exclusive rview with the Number One ale blues singer of the S. A., who is making her ie début in the big musi- "Thank Your Lucky Stars"

abeth

son

Exclusive home photos by Warner Bros.

every day,(well, not in my lap maybe, but in other folks' laps) we are not ones to get excited over "names." The best names rarely cause a ripple. (I once saw Priscilla Lane eat corned beef and cabbage right through the Lunts.) And here we were throwing our necks out of joint and our eyes out of socket to get a good look at Dinah Shore. In a town as jampacked with celebrities as an Elsa Maxwell party, Dinah Shore, whose songs of love and longing have thrilled us to the core, is a really truly Celebrity.

A week or so later I met Dinah Shore. She lives in an apartment house in the center of Hollywood with three other girls and two telephones. (Orson Welles has the next apartment but they haven't met. They will.) The phone rings constantly. Everybody wants to take Dinah to dinner, or get her to sing at a benefit, or take an ad in a trade paper, or do something. She was talking over the phone when I entered, and when she hung up she looked as if someone had just made her a present of all the gold at Fort Knox. "That was Mr. Crosby," she said ecstatically. "Mr. Crosby wants me to keep score for him at the charity golf tournament he and Mr. Hope are sponsoring next week. All the best golfers in Southern California will participate. Mr. Crosby doesn't know it but he's a cinch to win if I keep score. I skipped the third grade when I was in grammar school and I never did learn to add. But I can subtract."

"Mr." Crosby (Dinah has a nice respectful way of calling men "Mr.") has been Dinah's schoolgirl "crush" for a number of years. No one, according to Dinah, can ever approach the great Crosby. She says of Bing, "than whom there is no whomer." Even though she now queens the juke boxes herself within an inch of Bing's popularity she still thinks that no one can sing like Bing. She has every one of his records. She'll play them for you at the drop of a hat. I dropped a hat, and Dinah joyously scampered upstairs for her favorite Crosby album. When I, a Shore fan, suggested she sing too, she said, "Nobody sings with the King."

The Number One female blues singer of the U.S.A. was born in Tennessee, twenty-four years ago, and was given the very pretty name of Frances Rose. She had an older sister, Betty, and when her mother died Betty just sort of took over the re- (*Please turn to page 81*)

WHY I WON'T BE A FURLOUGH BRIDE!



By

Olivia de Havilland

As told to

Gladys Hall

CRAIG and I announced our engagement. Then he went away to camp. And I stayed here in Hollywood, making pictures, going on with my career, living with my mother and father as I had been doing right along.

There was talk, I knew. There still is talk. Surprised talk. Here in Hollywood you can't escape talk. I am always amazed that there can be so much interest in our private lives and opinions, but that's the way it seems to be. Quite a few people eyed me curiously, a bit incredulously, their eyebrows shaped like interrogation points.

"When do you and Craig intend to get married?" a few of the more outspoken ask me. "What are you plans?"

"We have no plans," I tell them. "None at all. How can we have? How can anyone have? We have responsibilities. My father and I are buying a house together I can't let him down. It would, in any case, be silly of me to give up my career. Craig, too, has family obligations We love each other, yes—but I cannot see why love isn't proven by self-sacrifice. Love has more responsibilities now than it ever had before."

"But if your love is great enough, a *career,* surely we ean, why not give it up and be with him, no matter here or for how long?"

"It would be a foolish thing to do," I repeat, "especially s Craig plans to go on with his career when the war is ver and we want to be partners at work as well as at ome. Besides, I think a girl makes a great mistake when e says, 'Darling, I am giving up everything for you!' or some day that girl will throw her *beau geste* back t the man. No matter how much in love two people may e, they always have arguments and that hunk of self-crifice would be one of the bricks the girl would be sure o let fly!

"There is, also, the question of the type of man who ould accept such a sacrifice. Craig, I am proud to say, ould not. I know that I would be making him very un-appy if I did such a thing. It's all very well in the movies, r in books, when girls go off and live in camps consider-ig the 'world well lost' and all that. For in movies and ooks someone always dies and leaves you a fortune with hich to rebuild your lives after the war. Not so in life. 's just that Craig and I think that our Tomorrow is very bit as important as our Today.

"What I have not explained to my friends but shall xplain now is—that that is NOT what we want of love, raig and I. At the risk of sounding pretentious, our ve *is* too important for that. Too real anyway and made, e know, of more enduring stuff than to make snatched oments satisfying or necessary. Ve want our love to have roots, abilities, time in which to grow nd a home for it to grow in. Per-anencies.

"What I want of love and mar-age is to keep them *as they ould have been* had there been o war. I want my marriage to be right and I am determined to wait until it can *be* right. There is a time and a place for everything. Love and marriage, or so I believe, are no exceptions. In war-time love is definitely secondary in men's minds. It has to be. Well, I want love to come first. And, again, I am determined to wait for the time when it *can* be first.

All around me, girls I know are getting married, having babies. In, it seems to me, a kind of hysteria (hysteria shouldn't play a part in anything so important as two people contemplating marriage), with no more thought of tomorrow than the butterfly which, with one day to live, doesn't worry about a Tomorrow because it doesn't have one.

"But he might be drafted at any moment," they feverishly explain, "so we *had* to marry—right away!"

Why did they? Why do they? (*Please turn to page 72*)



ovely Alexis of Warner ros.' "Gentleman Jim" nd other big pictures, refers to wait until the ar is won before marry-g the man of her heart, andsome Craig Stevens, ictured with Alexis here



Here, he's the Great Lover! With Barbara Stanwyck in "Flesh and Fantasy"

BOYER'S DOUBLE LIFE!

By Dugal O'Liam

YOU can be certain of one point about Hollywood and that is that it's second only to Iowa in the production of corn. This being so, it's certain to sound like a new crop of maize when we report that we found Charles Boyer crouching behind a wild wall on the "Flesh and Fantasy" set, trying to conceal himself from a young woman!

Boyer might safely have mixed with the rest of the company on the set. No woman would have taken the unshaven, dishevelled and harried man behind the wall for the screen's slickest lover. A grip, a juicer, a prop man or a zombie from the publicity department, perhaps, but never the top heart-breaker of them all. It simply didn't add up.

As for that, it didn't seem decorous for Boyer to be avoiding this particular young woman. She was a most attractive dish. Could, in fact, have been called provocative. The angle was that she had a pencil in her hand and was, perforce, a reporter. If there's anything that terrifies Boyer, aside from discovering a salamander in his bed, it's a female reporter. Males of the species are bad enough, in his book, but females are plain toxic.

"A man never knows what to expect from them," he says. "They ask you the darndest questions and if you can't answer you're a simpleton. I find it easy enough to be a simpleton, at times, without any help."

The two great inconsistencies in Boyer's personality are his antipathy for women and his indifference to personal appearance. It is a most disturbing fact to his publicity aides and the still photographers that he almost invariably turns up for an appointment looking as if he'd arrived by parcel post.

His isn't that studied, collegiate carelessness of Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle. It's a definite result of lack of time to spend on extraneous matters and a refutation of the theory that Boyer's life is made up of a series of struggles to fascinate the fair sex.

It would require the talents of a Congressional investigating committee to ascertain how Boyer obtains all the baroque haberdashery he wears. Nobody in Hollywood has ever before assembled the different types of checks on one human body that he has. Nor has anyone succeeded in wearing as many unrelated colors, most of them considerably sunstruck, in a single ensemble.

Boyer seems to be laboring under the impression that neckties are the subject of a permanent priority. Unquestionably he owns some neckties. No man could live through thirty-nine Christmases and not acquire some whether he had a neck or not. Even wrestlers, and Charles Atlas, get cravats, come Noel. What Boyer does with his comes under the heading of Minor Mysteries We Have Met. Usually his shirt is open at the neck, but open or

osed, it's never confined by a Sulka except when the ript demands one.

"When I'm an actor, and playing my part, I have to. nd do, dress carefully," he says, defensively. "But when m merely a producer, as I am now, or a private citizen, want to relax. Show me a man who can relax in a cktie and I'll show you a man who's unconscious!"

He has the same disregard for Hollywood fustian as e has for clothes. Although a full-fledged producer with knotty pine bungalow all his own on the Universal lot, e disdains the delights of a private secretary. In fact, ere's no one in his four-room villa except M. Boyer. you telephone, he'll answer. If you knock at the door, e admits you, in person. That is, if you're a male, he mits you. If you aren't, he'll peek cautiously through ie blinds and then probably crawl under his desk until ou get tired of knocking, or bark your knuckles, and go way.

His aggravated gynophobia stems from the habit of omen of asking him what makes him so irresistible. Not nvinced that he is irresistible, he naturally finds the nswer difficult. If, on the screen, he knocks women inning, it's because the script requires it, he says.

"The writers and directors say whether or not an actor ets the women," he explains, hopefully. "It is mighty mbarrassing to have someone, especially a woman, fas- nating creature that she's likely to be, take it for granted at you infatuate the opposite sex. In my case, it's doubly because half the time they seem to be staring sug- estively at my hairpiece."

Boyer isn't in the least sensitive about the height of his orehead. He wears a small hairpiece before the camera, t this reporter would like to go on record as somewhat zzled by this affectation. Boyer appears to have as much air as he needs on his head. It may be that the camera oes tricks to his admittedly modest widow's peak, but at's a technical matter, strictly.

"I like radio because I don't have to wear the hair- piece there," he says. "I'd as soon wear a hair shirt with a chain mail belt, but the make-up and cameramen insist that I need it for the camera, so they have their way."

He insists, with some vehemence, that as a youth in Figeac, France, he was anything but a glamor boy, social- ly. His style was seriously cramped by his shyness. "Women scared me because they asked questions, but never seemed to want the proper answers," he says.

In his youth, he was more of an athlete than a ladies' man. He was the best middle distance runner in his *de- partment* (acquiring much of his early foot fleeing from women, old friends say). He was a fine swimmer, a top ranking tennis player and an exceptional skater. He also devoted much time to music, at one time having ambi- tions as a violinist.

He habitually read the great plays of the European master dramatists. This heightened his interest in the theater, an interest encouraged by his father. The art of conversation fascinated him, as it often does those who, while young, don't have notable luck with it. He took to locking himself in his room and acting out all the old plays, with gestures, placing stress on fine conversational nuances.

In this way he developed his remarkable voice, a mere croak from which can cause women to swoon in windrows, like unbalanced dominoes. He labored to eliminate the Gallic hysteria from his speech and the result was one of the most saleable sets of speaking tools in the world today. For the public's information, his voice has the same vibrance in casual use that it has on the sound tracks. And he wonders why women pursue him!

In his study of the old plays, he paid as much atten- tion to rôles not cut to his cloth as to those that fitted him. He even memorized the feminine lines. It was this devotion to the mechanics of the play that prompted him to realize a lifetime ambition (*Please turn to page 87*)

And here, he's the serious-minded producer hard at work, in hiding from the love-hungry female horde!



Boyer has definite ideas on picture-making, is carrying out some of them in his first production. These exclusive photos are not staged; they really show the movies' Great Lover in his new guise. Above, with director Duvivier.

By Charles Darnton



HE HURLS LAUGH BOMBS!

Jack Oakie may look like the laziest man in the world, but he really does work hard to keep the gag flying

Delectable Dona

Pert and provocative Dona Drake scores in the torrid Swing Shift number in Paramount's all-star musical review, "Star Spangled Rhythm"

Whitey Schafer

Alice Faye's Baby!



Exclusive photo by Jean Cooney

One look at the baby dumpling above — Alice (Jr.) Harris — and you'll understand why Alice Faye's career comes second in her life! In fact, she threatens to retire and devote all her time to playing Mama. But Alice's fans all hope she changes her mind about that

Alice Faye's first picture since her retirement as Mrs. Phil Harris and mother of a baby daughter is "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Advance reports indicate that sweet Alice has an added something in her voice, and a brand new, streamlined figure. Facing page shows her in three musical numbers from her come-back film, in which she shares top honors with scene-stealer Jack Oakie and John Payne.



A Paramount Picture with **William Bendix ★ Jerry Colonna ★ Walter Abel ★ Marjorie Reyn Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Quartette ★** *and* **Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy** *and many others of your favo*



It'll Never Be Topped!

THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

Star Spangled Rhythm

Starring

BING CROSBY

BOB HOPE

FRED MacMURRAY

FRANCHOT TONE

RAY MILLAND

VICTOR MOORE

DOROTHY LAMOUR

PAULETTE GODDARD

VERA ZORINA

MARY MARTIN

DICK POWELL

BETTY HUTTON

EDDIE BRACKEN

VERONICA LAKE

ALAN LADD

ROCHESTER

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Original Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

"School for Sabotage"

CARL stood outside the door a moment before he could bring himself to ring the bell. There had been homecomings before, coming home from college, from vacations. He knew what it would be like, that warm coziness and the smell of one of Mama's good dinners drifting in from the kitchen and Papa superintending the icing of the beer, just so cold, no colder. Important to get the right temperature for their own city's good Milwaukee beer. Then after that there would be talk, lots of talk, bringing them all together again. All the Steelmans were great ones for talking. That was what Carl dreaded. *The questions!*

in his careful English with hardly a trace of its native accent clinging to it. "Let me look at you!" He turned to Carl holding him at arms' length. "Yes, you look more grown up than ever after three years in South America."

"To me you haven't changed a bit," Carl grinned. "You look just the same, dignified schoolteacher." Then turning to the doctor, "*You* haven't changed either. You were sitting in that chair with your newspaper and pipe the night I left."

"It's the privilege of an old friend of the family," the doctor chuckled. "And (*Please turn to page 62*

Please turn to Page 66 for complete cast and credits of "School for Sabotage." *Copyright 1943 by 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation*

Sanders in his most fascinating rôle! Exciting fiction version of 20th Century-Fox's latest revealing drama of today offers the popular actor in a new guise, with Anna Sten making her movie comeback opposite him

It was just the way he'd thought it would be. He might have known Dr. Baumer would be there sitting in his favorite chair, puffing contentedly at his pipe. The doctor had been his father's best friend since the old days in Germany. He was always there for holidays, celebrations of any kind. There wouldn't be any reticence because of him. Even now, Henrietta Steelman was as unashamed of her emotion as ever clinging to her only son.

"Mama," he said, and his voice came a little sharply to hide the aching tenderness in his own heart. "Here, here! What are those tears about? This is no time to be crying."

"It's just that you've been away so long," she whispered.

There was his father coming up to them, the stern authority of his schoolmaster's voice deceiving no one who knew him. Certainly not Carl.

"Are you trying to monopolize our son?" he asked

You meet a new and different George Sanders in this thrilling story, told from the forthcoming film

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen





Picked as one of eight clever men to be enrolled in so-called School for Sabotage, *Carl Steelman* (George Sanders) learns the devious methods of dealing destruction with lightning swiftness.

George Sanders plays a subtle rôle in "School for Sabotage," that of a man under the cloud of suspicion of Nazism, disowned by his family, disillusioning the girl who is in love with him.


Sonia Blue





Lady in Love

Joan Crawford romances Philip Dorn in "Reunion in France," new screen drama of Nazi-occupied Paris

Lucky Crawford has two dashing leading men in her latest M-G-M movie. Dorn plays her lover, but stalwart John Wayne steps in, as a daring R.A.F. flier also smitten with her charms.

GIG'S GOING PLACES!

AS WE grow older life has a way of beating us down, and a sort of disgruntled cynicism replaces the rainbow dreams of youth. If you succeed, it is often at the expense of ideals and illusions. If you fail—well, your ideals and illusions go under anyhow.

Today, if I could have a wish granted it wouldn't be for riches or fame. It would be that Life would crystallize Gig Young as he was the day I met him for his first interview. Fresh, eager, buoyantly riding the first intoxicating waves of success, reddening in pleasurable embarrassment at a compliment or expression of good will—diffidently friendly, a ready smile playing over a face on which a wisp of a mustache struggled forlornly

night leap to fame lay four bitter years of disappoint ments, frustrations, sacrifices, and heartbreaking devotio to a singleness of purpose.

Gig had gone home one night, happy in the knowledg he had a very modest stock contract and could eat reg ularly. He awoke the next morning feeling pretty muc the same. But what a whale of a difference a few hour make! Irving Rapper, the director of "Sisters," calle his home. Gig had gone. Irving told his wife to have Gi get in touch with him as soon as possible. Mrs. Youn was sure something was wrong—that Gig hadn't com up to their hopes and his scenes would either have to b re-shot or he would be replaced in the picture.





to give dignity to a countenance where dignity had no place, and a tangled mop of hair that had long since given up a losing fight to stay combed—that was Gig.

Our first meeting took place very shortly after the sneak preview of "The Gay Sisters"—a preview that changed him overnight from an unknown stock player into the hottest thing on the Warner lot.

There was a man in Greek mythology whose hearing was so keen he could hear grass grow and the wool on sheep. He had nothing on studio executives when it comes to hearing audience comments on a previewed picture. The studio hands out cards at a preview in an effort to get the audience to write in their reactions. The cards merely ask "Did you like the picture? Which players did you like best?" If people fill in the cards they generally answer "yes" or "no" to the first question and ignore the second entirely. This time, out of 49 cards received at the studio, most of them liked Barbara Stanwyck, many of them liked George Brent, some of them liked Nancy Coleman and Geraldine Fitzgerald—but ALL of them raved over Gig Young.

Yes, Mr. Young had arrived. But back of that over-

Totally unaware of the tumult that was raging abou him, Gig arrived at the studio. Word had got aroun the lot of the preview and people who had barely nodde to him as he left the night before, rushed up to slap hi on the back when he came in next morning.

The cutting department was busy re-editing the fil to give him more footage and a new "Cast of Characters sheet was being readied, to read "Gig Young—by Him self" for Warners was re-titling him—giving him fo his own name, the name of the character that had mad him famous. At the same time, I am sure, they wer offering thanks to Allah. For here was no studio-mad star the public would have to be forced to accept, but on of those miracles executives pray for—a star whom th people had discovered for themselves.

Born Byron Barr in St. Cloud, Minn., his childhoo was uneventful. While he was in high school his fathe gave up a prosperous canning business to take a positio with the government in Washington, D.C. Gig finishe his schooling there, at Tech High.

The depression had caught his father and college wa out of the question. He got a (*Please turn to page 71*

e's Young, willing, able —and wonderful, as the emme film fans tell him their letters. Here's candid closeup of the ctor discovered by you, ne movie-going public

By
S. R. Mook



Featured now in Warners' epic, "Air Force," Gig Young has his best rôle to date. He's still getting fan mail for his performance in "The Gay Sisters." Exclusive photo below shows him at home, with Mrs. Young. Left below, no publicity picture, but the real thing—Gig bicycles to work. Left, on location in Florida for "Air Force," with company mascot. Far left, facing page, "shooting" a beauty on the lot between scenes



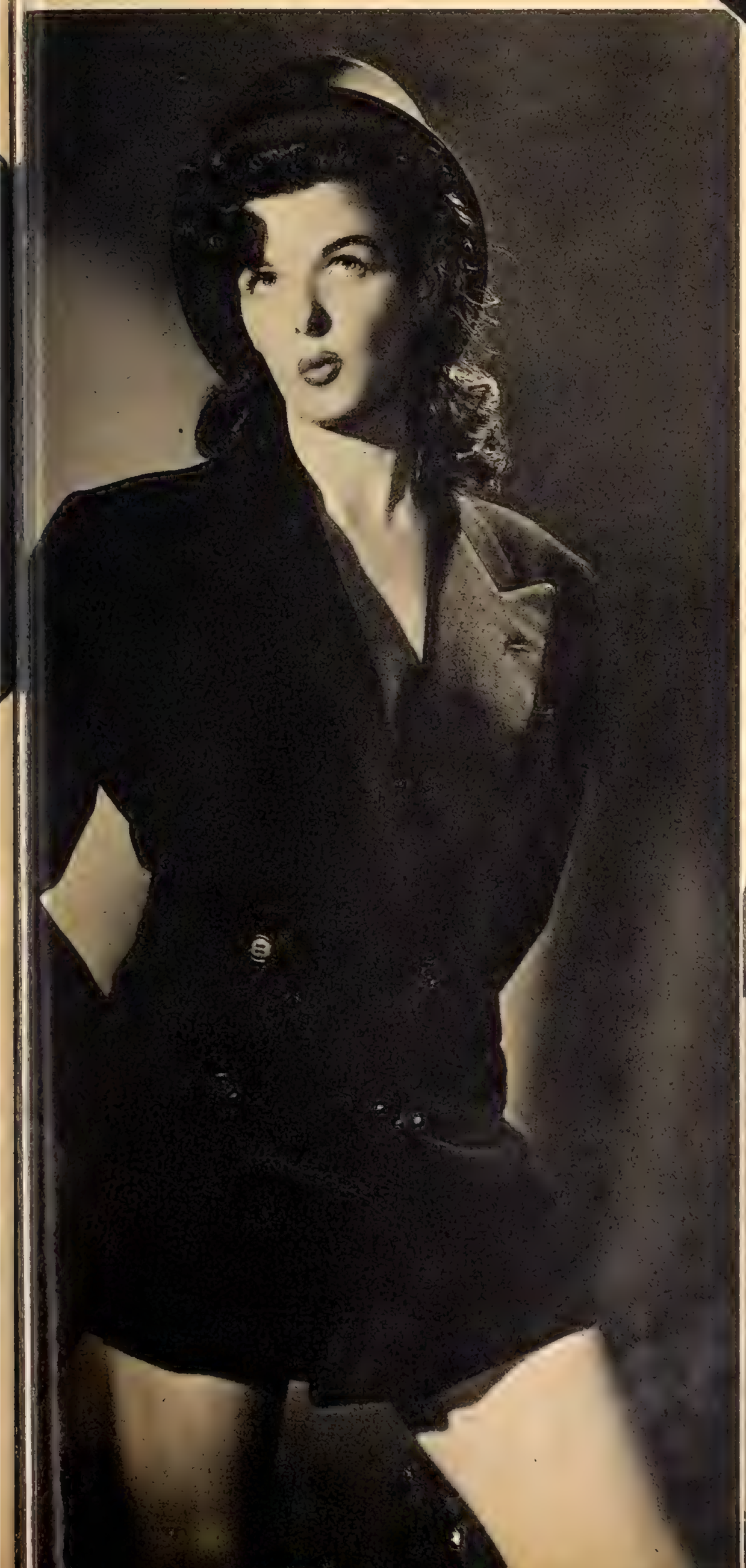


TOM-BOY!



Jane Russell borrowed her big brother's shirt but forgot the slacks. Well, that's our story, anyway

, Jane! When are we going to see you in "The Out-w," or wouldn't you know? Your soldier and sailor ends, whose pet Pin-Up Girl you seem to be, ep asking us when your picture will be released. ell, how about it, Producer Howard Hughes?









HE'S ON THE "HIT PARADE"

John Carroll's grin can be accounted for by the fact that Republic is giving him a real chance to sing, as well as to act, in the forthcoming special, "Hit Parade of 1943." The romantic department is not neglected, however—glance to the left and watch John making love to pretty Susan Hayward, the film's heroine, in the special Carroll manner.

O'BRIEN'S BEST IS "BOMBARDIER"

The popular Pat has been "upped" in rank from any he enjoyed in previous service pictures! He plays first a major, then a colonel in RKO-Radio's big Air Force movie, "Bombardier," in which he is featured with Randolph Scott. The love interest in the film is in the capable hands of the young and handsome newcomer, Walter Reed—see scene at right with Anne Shirley.





Buxom beauty Marilyn Maxwell really likes the outdoor life, feels stifled inside a movie studio. So M-G-M will give Miss Maxwell the action parts she craves.

It Ain't All Hay!

Born in Iowa, Marilyn Maxwell started her career as a dancer, then sang with Ted Weems' orchestra. Touring with the Hollywood Victory Caravan, she attracted attention of M-G-M studio, which signed her to a long-term movie contract. The rest is screen history—or will be, when the fans see Marilyn in her first motion picture rôle in "Stand By For Action," which stars Robert Taylor.







Jane Wyman Says:

"Give a girl a good beret," says piquant Jane, who is featured in Warner Bros.' "Princess O'Rourke," "to top a good trim suit or two, and she'll be happy!" Below, Jane's smart navy blue dress worn with a white vestee, with two large glittering pins worn at either side of the jacket, and her white disc beret set at the back of her head. Left, the same beret, topping an oatmeal wool dress, with beautifully cut shoulders, slim skirt. The white piqué collar has a shoe-string tie.

Suits for Spring!

"And give this girl a big white bow for her head, and a row of smaller bows at her throat, and she'll have that crisp come-hither look!" Below, Jane's pet top-piece, just an enormous, stiff, immaculately white bow, above a white flannel coat-dress cross-barred in blue. The square neckline is closed with a large pearl button. At right, Miss Wyman's new spring dress of heather-colored sheer wool. The top and tiered skirt are accented with bands of braid, and two bows at neckline.





...se photos
...rt Six,
...r Bros.

SIREN'S SPRING SONG!



Maria Montez unleashes her sultry charm on a collection of the first new Spring clothes!

The smouldering beauty of "Arabian Nights" turns her attention to clothes, for a change! Miss Montez models, below, a dinner and dancing frock with bodice of deep violet sequins, and matching hat of violet and green flowers. At left, apple-green wool, lovely with Maria's red hair, has interesting self-fabric treatment on the shoulders and controlled darts at the waistline.



e, far left: signs of spring in Maria's apple-piece wool suit with high pockets embroidered flower-colored beads. At left, her "Patches" ed because it is made from odd ends of bolts Maria chose tones of greyed violet to set off ir. Her hat, a spanking stitched profile beret, e shirred bag of the same tone as the body . Deeper tone gloves complete the costume. sheer wool in Easter yellow, fringed at neck-eeves. The large off-face beret is bright blue.

Exclusive fashion photos of Maria Montez by Willinger-Sutton. All costumes by the May Company. Miss Montez, currently in "Arabian Nights," and next in Universal's "White Savage."

"LISTEN, BOYS— and GIRLS!

The Truth about Beauty! Now you can see everything that happens in a beauty course

By Josephine Felts

THERE are no beauty secrets any more Sorry, girls, it's true. For Metro Goldwyn-Mayer, in artistic collabora tion with the Richard Hudnut Salon, ha told all . . . well, nearly all: how a lady make her eyes so large and dark, her lips so red her figure so slender and attractive. An many other things as well.

Never mind. In this amazing miniatur film, "Listen Boys," it all looks pretty won derful. Maybe they won't believe it. Beside

After her Success Course Mary Louise Feitner looks like this! In the circles you see the difference knowing how, can make. Below are two of the Hudnut classes in make-up and exercise.

ere is so much we can learn ourselves om it as to what goes on in a beauty ourse: how to exercise for a slender waist; e secret of having and keeping a lovely roat line; how to apply make-up to look ost glamorous; and how to find and keep lovely skin. So much, that none of us e going to mind at all. We're going to pleased, as a matter of fact, and take e hint.

So if you ever have felt that you were rather drab heroine on your own little age, take heart. You can, if you wish, be glamor girl. Step for a moment into lary Louise Feitner's place and let's see hat happens to you.

You know, of course, that you cannot your most charming self under any nditions if you are carrying ten to twenty cess pounds around with you. This is nother way of saying that you want to ve a figure as well as a face to be proud ; that you want to be fit as well as fair. eauty is far and away more than just skin ep. You make up your mind then that you e going to do something about yourself.

You know, too, that you have to be althy, to begin with. So you go on a sen- ble diet. You drink lots of fruit juices, ou eat fruits, vegetables, lean meats. eavy starches, sweets, pastries are def- itely out of your life.

You go in for regular specific exercises, es designed especially for you. Some of em you take while in the beauty angle sition which we will describe in a mo- ent. Excitingly enough you find that ex- cise can be fun and that lots of it can put right into the regular work you do, hether it is at home or in the office. And u learn to walk.

Yes, lady, you WALK. Not because the tion board says so but because you want . You walk briskly and far. You save es and gasoline and your figure all at the me time. Here is just another case where is patriotic to be pretty. And very much orth your while. More than this, you arn *how* to walk. For good posture is one the most important of beauty assets. hen you hold yourself erect with your mmy where it should be, your shoulders wn, your chin in and your head held gh with a brisk pull *up,* behind your ears, u find that you not only look more grace- l but actually have more energy to walk. slouch never was becoming to anybody.

Then you learn what beauty prepara- ns do the most for your skin, how to lect them and how to apply them to get e greatest benefit from them. You develop od beauty habits, a simple, effective auty routine you follow regularly each y; with other special things you do per- ps once or twice each week.

In studying about make-up you learn e basic things, of course, as how to pow- r, how and where to put your rouge, how use a lipstick for best and longest last- g results. But you also learn how to play your good points, how to camouflage ur bad ones. A bit of the art of the eater comes right down into your real, ery-day life!

You learn how important the right hair le can be to you: even a little bit about w to design your own hair style. If a etty nape of the neck is something you ve but nobody ever told you about, up eeps your hair off it and from then on u can turn your back on people, prettily. you have pretty eyes but it hasn't been entioned much of late, you learn how to ake them look so much larger, darker, ore exciting, that nobody can ignore em.

Then there is this little matter of poise, thout which almost no one can be arming. You find out how very much the ay you handle yourself, how you sit, and, greet people, has to do with poise.

(*Continued on Page* 89)

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Here's to all those little things that help make us prettier, more pleasant people to have as friends!



Here is a beauty preparation that gets down to principles: a clean, clear skin.



A glamor foursome, DuBarry make-up in some lovely, pink plastic containers.

CLEANLINESS is basic, and one of the most satisfactory cleansers in the world is the Special Cleansing Preparation by Richard Hudnut. As you can see from the picture above, it is a fine meal, very like a powder. When you mix a little water with it in your hand or a shallow dish, it stirs into thin paste. Spread this over your face and throat, avoiding, of course, the area just around your eyes, and let it dry. When it is nearly dry, scrub it off, using your fingers in a rotary motion, as energetically and firmly as you can. Off with it, will come the dry hard cuticle skin that forms on faces and gives them a cloudy look. With it, too, more often than not, will come off many deep-seated impurities.

WORKING hard? So that fatigue shows in your eyes? Try a bit of camouflage by giving your eyes the advantage of clever make-up. A creamy smooth mascara, such as Maybelline, will give your eyes a deeper, lovelier look. Brush it on the upper lashes. Then before the mascara dries, press the lashes up with your brush, tilting your head back. This will give them that curly look. Even if you think your lashes are quite dark you will probably find that the ends are paler than the rest of them, so that when these ends are dark the lashes will look their full length and surprise even you. Brush them later with a dry brush to remove any excess and they will look entirely natural and excitingly lovely.



All dressed up in a brand new package your favorite, versatile, soft tissues.



Fine new cleansing cream with lanolin, a softening smoothie your skin loves.

POND'S Tissues are making their bow in a new dream flower box that looks like a garden dream. It will brighten whatever spot you put it in: bathroom, guest room, or kitchen. Have you learned the latest beauty tricks with tissues? Here are some your favorite movie stars use: crumple a tissue and with it brush off excess powder, just as you did with your powder brush when brushes were easy to buy; set your make-up by patting your face with a folded tissue soaked in skin freshener; dust on your dry rouge with some crumpled tissue. Tissues will do a great many household chores for you, too. They save towels and hankies, wipe knives and razors and glass.

LANOLIN is a magnetic word these days. Everybody loves lanolin! And here is Miner putting it into a wonderful new cleansing cream. Result? A product which smooths your skin while getting it clean. There is a double advantage to this for it combats the chapping and drying effects of changes in temperature which can make your skin uncomfortable as well as being trying to beauty. It helps give your skin more glowing freshness and smoothness than you have known. Miner's Cleansing Cream with lanolin is a liquefying cream. It melts quickly on the skin, goes right to work and is extremely easy to use. No stretching or pulling of your skin either.



Bette Davis, substituting for Gary Cooper, who was to have made the presentation, hands a critics' award to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, co-stars of "Mrs. Miniver," while Dame May Whitty stands by.



Rosalind Russell's beaming face shows how proud she is of (Uncle Sam's) two service men—Roz's brother, Sgt. Henry Russe photo above, and hubby Lieut. Freddie Brisson of the Army A

Here's Hollywood

Gossip by Weston East—Candids by Jean Duval



Left, Norma Shearer and her husband, Marty Arrouge, smile as they listen to Chester Morris spin a tall yarn at the Reggie Gardiner-Nadia Petrova nuptials. Greer Garson and her mother also attended the wedding, and, below, they are shown chatting with Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Myrna Loy's ex-husband.

TOO authentic to be ignored is our source that informs us the Stanwyck-Taylor separation will be announced in the near future. Maybe—before this even reaches print. We hope it's wrong. We hope we'll have to eat our words. But even their closest friends have been conscious of the widening breach. If it happens, it will be because they have struggled intelligently and with dignity, yet to no avail. Certainly there hasn't been the tiniest bit of scandal attached to their names. Recently they filed a petition in Superior Court to adopt their stage names and discard their present legal ones. Bob was born Spangler Arlington Brugh and Barbara's real name is Ruby Stevens.

WHEN Bette Davis asked to have Gig Young in "Old Acquaintance," Gig was walking on air. For years he struggled as a desk clerk, waiter, car hop. In the daytime he went to dramatic school. Someday, he promised his wife, he'd make good and give her everything. Gig won't be in Bette's picture. He's joined the Coast Guard instead. His wife is looking for a job she can fill. Even movie stars are no different than you and me—at times like this. (Editor's note: Gig's fans shouldn't miss Dick Mook's good story about him in this issue.)





NN SOTHERN celebrated Christmas on December 26th and there was a d reason. It was Bob Sterling's first 's leave since the Air Corps put him in rantine. Not a single present was opened il Bob arrived. Bob brought back so ny requests for autographed photographs Ann, she spent half the day signing n for the boys in Bob's division. Incitally, Bob passed his mental and physical s with flying colors (no pun intended). rling is now on his way to being an cer.

S Andy Devine's crack and we promised m "no names mentioned," if he'd let us it! A certain leading man who builds his height on the screen, was being dised. "That guy wears *so* many lifts in shoes," wheezed Andy, "when he takes m off at night, his ears pop because of change in altitude!"

NLESS word gets out before you read this, here is the first announcement that Jimmy Cagneys have adopted a baby . Over a year ago Jimmy and his Billie pted *little Jimmy*. He's red-headed and, nderfully enough, really looks like his ious "father." Now there is a little girl the Cagney household, as yet unnamed. Jim is so thrilled with his family, a d tour is the only thing that can budge away from home and those he loves.

John Garfield got a lesson in hand-kissing when he and Bette Davis, founders of the Hollywood Canteen, visited the canteen's kitchen, and Chef Milani greeted Bette in the old world manner. Right, Navy Ensign Bob Stack had some fun showing glamorous Dolores Moran one way of keeping her lovely chin up.



REMEMBER last month, we told you we'd tell you more about the unknown Jennifer Jones, chosen to play the spiritual heroine in "The Song of Bernadette." We promised to keep her secret but now it can be told. Originally, to retain the illusion that she was untouched by the world, Jennifer was denied all Hollywood dates, all interviews. Then someone allowed the press to get to her. When they asked her she couldn't lie. So she told them she was happily married to an actor. Also the mother of two children. "Bernadette" in real life is unlike the heroine she will portray. But it doesn't matter. She's such a fine actress she'll make you believe her just the same. Wait and see.

MAKE out of this what you will. Hedy Lamarr's newest friend is Dolores Cotten. Now Dolores is married to Joseph Cotten and Joseph is Orson Welles' close friend. What's more, when Orson asked Hedy out on a date, she bought a new gown from Adrian—and took Dolores along to help pick it out. "Just friends," says Hedy about herself and Orson. "Oh, *ycah?*" is Hollywood's answer.

WATCH for him, girls. His name is Barry Sullivan. He's tall, dark, and a cross between Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon. Not bad, what? Barry hails from the theater. He's just been given the rôle of the psychiatrist opposite Ginger Rogers in "Lady In The Dark."

nd her husband, John Hertz, Jr., returned to Hollywood from fter a long absence, and were welcomed by Charlie Morrison, at Mocambo (standing). No, Myrna's not returning to screen.

Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero were a pretty steady two-some around the town's gay night spots before Cesar left for Coast Guard duties. Above, watching the floor show at one of the popular Hollywood night clubs.





Left, when Dinah Shore and George Montgomery indulge in that favorite Hollywood pastime—gin rummy—at Dinah's home, the two have a good time trying to out-cheat each other. Below, Virginia Maples, 20th Century-Fox's pretty starlet, and comedian Phil Silvers get a bang out of that well-known American institution, "the funnies."



Candids by Jean Duval

WHAT yo'all think of this? In the South where Dinah Shore hails from, they jes don't ask a lady about her heart. But Dinah's been seeing George Montgomery three times a week and getting long distance calls from Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart. So Hollywood keeps askin' Dinah, "How come?" Poor Dinah, she just gasps and moans, "Why, tha's like kissin' and tellin.'" Personal to Dinah: "Why, honey chile, *who's* tellin'?"

IN "Thank Your Lucky Stars" Eddie Cantor wears a thick dark wig. Every day in the Green Room, he'd sit opposite Jack Carson. Try as he would, Jack couldn't think whom Eddie reminded him of. Then one day, Raymond Massey walked in and sat down at Cantor's table. "*That's* who it is," screamed Carson, while Eddie and Massey looked bewildered. "You two look enough alike to be twin brothers." And so they do—especially sitting down!

EVEN Madame Ouspenskaya herself didn't know that the Kit Kolvin registered at her dramatic school was the mother of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Once before when Mama appeared in a local production, she used the name of Meg Sheridan. She's bent on having an acting career, without the aid of her two famous daughters' names. When questioned, Olivia had nothing to say, except that it was all news to her. Joan wouldn't come to the phone when we called her. But she wasn't in the audience when "Kit" made her début in the school play.

THE gossip that Rita Hayworth was burned when Vic Mature made the New York night spots with K. T. Stevens is as phony as most rumors. For years Vic has been a visitor at K. T.'s father's (Sam Wood) home. Vic spent weekends with the Woods when they lived at Malibu. They were the first of Vic's friends he wanted Rita to meet. They may not look the part together, but Vic and K. T. feel like sister and brother toward each other.

EXACTLY one week to enjoy his new fatherhood was all the time allotted to John Beal. The day he brought his wife and new baby home from the hospital, his draft board sent for him. Recently John staged a wonderful comeback in "Edge of Darkness" opposite Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn. For years the Beals had hoped and prayed for a baby. Life suddenly seemed so full, so rich. Now John is in the Army Air Corps. Like so many fine young Americans, who have loving wives and beautiful babies, John is glad to be cast for a rôle in the biggest production of all time staged by Uncle Sam.

PHIL TERRY is back under contract at M-G-M. It's a good deal, at least much better than his original one several years ago. But he didn't sign for that fabulous sum rumored around Hollywood. By the way, Joan Crawford now has Phil being managed by her own representative. Joan also got Franchot into this same set-up, where he still happily remains. For a long time, too, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had the same representation. Speaking of Doug, Jr., Hollywood friends have just received snapshots of the new baby. Yes, proud papa was holding it in his arms.





Edmond O'Brien, Nancy Kelly's ex-hubby, who gets his big break in "Tonight and Forever," the Deanna Durbin film, above, with Claire Trevor at a popular night spot. When Sgt. William Haines returned to Hollywood on furlough his pals gave a party for him. Right, the "Sarge" and Joan Blondell.

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

Susan Huntington, Air Cadet Stevens Married in Alabama

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-lovely Pond's complexion.



COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

RANDOM HARVEST—*M-G-M.* James Hilton's great love story becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends. Suan Peters, brilliant newcomer, gives an outstanding performance. This film ranks with "Goodbye Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio. You won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both give grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupid. Has witty, original dialogue. Good entertainment.

CASABLANCA—Warners. With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a café proprietor in French Morocco who, under the guise of cold indifference, helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best. Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is seen as the girl he loves. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid in cast.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—*United Artists.* Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer, *Torrin,* and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. Tremendously moving, this is truly an inspired epic. Mr. Coward and his fellow players are superb.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—*M-G-M.* W. L. White's best-selling book about two young British blitz victims, has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. Robert Young gives his best performance as the sympathetic correspondent whose valiant efforts to bring the children, *Margaret* and *Peter* (Billy Severn), back to America with him provides scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's—amazing emotional—outbursts.

HAPPY GO LUCK—*Paramount.* Gay, spontaneous movie fun! It's one long, hearty laugh from the time Mary Martin and Betty Hutton arrive on a Caribbean isle and meet Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken. Mary's fortune hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frank pursuit of reluctant Eddie lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs, delightfully sung. The Hutton-Bracken team is sure-fire for explosive comedy. See this.

I MARRIED A WITCH—*Cinema Guild-U.A.* Triumph for Veronica Lake, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. Veronica, as a lovely ghost, returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man (Fredric March), who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. It's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means. Susan Hayward in cast.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—*Columbia.* Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth stage a joyous reunion in this super-duper dance and music show. Rita, as an icy South American beauty, Fred as a Broadway hoofer stranded in Buenos Aires. Jerome Kern tunes, played by Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Tops among the musicals.

THE BLACK SWAN—*20th Century-Fox.* If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your picture. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main make a riproaring adventure movie with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of the daredevil captain. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine.

ONE OF OUR AIR CRAFT IS MISSING—*Korda-U.A.* This war film, based on facts, tells the thrilling story of an English bomber crew that is forced to bail out over Holland after a raid on Germany and shows the courageous friendly Dutch people assisting the men in hair-raising escapes to England. Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle, Hugh Williams, Bernard Miles are fine as the air men. Realistic, convincing. Don't miss it.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—*20th Century-Fox.* Gay and glamorous musical, all in dazzling color, will delight followers of this spectacular type of entertainment. The frothy story concerns the efforts of John Payne to persuade his former fiancée, Betty Grable, to team up with him again. Has Carmen Miranda at her merriest; Cesar Romero in smoothest dancing form. Harry James' orchestra plays the hit tunes.

WHITE CARGO—*M-G-M.* Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as *Tondeleyo,* little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom. Hedy gives a sizzling performance as the halfbreed who drives her victims to distraction. Walter Pidgeon, good as the tough overseer who is immune to her charms. Hedy's dance alone is worth admission price. Richard Carlson, fine.

MY SISTER EILEEN—*Columbia.* The screen version of the long-running Broadway play is one long laugh, as it pictures two sisters from Columbus, Ohio, in the Big City, their struggles to succeed as writer and actress. Rosalind Russell gives her gayest performance as the big sister, with Janet Blair a bewitching *Eileen.* Brian Aherne is in it, too. Don't miss this.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—*Paramount.* Bing and Bob are on the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess, and very seductive in Oriental raiment, who throws over her sheik for Crosby and Hope. If you liked the other "Road" films, don't miss seeing this—it's funnier than the first two. It's tuneful, gay; will put you in a cheery mood.

WAKE ISLAND—*Paramount.* This stirring screen drama of the Marines' heroic stand, based upon actual records, will move and thrill you as it sweeps to its terrific climax—the "defeat" of a handful of gallant men which was really a triumph of fighting courage. Brian Donlevy and William Bendix head a superb cast.

LUCKY JORDAN—*Paramount.* Alan Ladd is featured in this exciting film about the regeneration of a gangster chief who deserts when he can't buy his way out of the Army and gets mixed up with Nazi agents. He hands them over to the FBI and returns to the Army when his dormant patriotism is aroused. Ladd gives a smooth, convincing performance. Helen Walker heads a fine supporting cast. Has suspense.

NOW, VOYAGER—*Warners.* Women will like this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life. It is the best Bette Davis movie in a long time. Paul Henreid as the lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—*M-G-M.* A sentimental filmusical about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy as troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. Old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up boy friend Gene (also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic. You must see this fine film.

MRS. MINIVER—*M-G-M.* Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon is splendid as the husband.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—*Warners.* This story of the late George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—*Warners.* Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan prove a piquant team as Mr. and Mrs. in this amusing picturization of the Kaufman-Hart stage play. Ann and Jack, a city couple, run into comic complications when they buy and remodel an old farmhouse, where Washington reputedly once slept. This will give you some hearty laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—*Sam Goldwyn-U.A.* This splendid screen tribute to a fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a great performance as Gehrig. Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, as himself, also excellent. The great American sport glorified.

THE PALM BEACH STORY—*Paramount.* This hilarious film's star foursome—Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Rudy Vallee, Mary Astor—all give sparkling performances, so don't miss it. It's about a wife who leaves her husband because he's not a big success even though she loves him. After much confusion, they're reunited.

NIGHTMARE—*Universal.* A mystery thriller about an American gambler (Brian Donlevy) in London, who becomes involved in a murder and tangles with Nazi spies when he seeks food in the home of a British girl (Diana Barrymore). Donlevy capably handles the rôle of the gambler. Diana's performance, while good, might have been better if she had been less wooden.

STREET OF CHANCE—*Paramount.* A baffling mystery melodrama about a man who is accused of a murder committed during the time he was a victim of amnesia. Burgess Meredith gives a splendid performance as the man who learns he is a hunted man when he regains his memory. His sweetheart of his amnesia days (Claire Trevor) is guilty of the crime. Simply told and packed with suspense.

ICE CAPADES REVUE—*Republic.* An ice revue featuring Ellen Drew and Richard Denning as the lovers; Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and Jerry Colonna as the funsters; and the internationally famous skating stars of the "Ice Capades" troupe in dazzling skating performances. It has Vera Hruba, graceful blonde skater, and Lois Dworshak, whose hot skates just about melt the ice when she does her jitterbug number.

THE AVENGERS—*Paramount.* Based on the Commando raids in Norway, it recounts the adventures of an English journalist, who is parachuted in the vicinity of an enemy sub base to locate its exact position, so the RAF can bomb it out of existence. It is slow paced and the recording is poor, but newsreel shots of actual raids heighten the interest of the tale. Hugh Williams, Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr head cast.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH—*RKO-Radio.* This film, which pays tribute to the men of our Navy and Merchant Marine, will stir patriotic emotions. George Murphy plays a lieutenant who, forced to resign his commission because of an unfortunate mishap, re-enlists as a gob and becomes a hero. Pat O'Brien, good as the C.P.O. The ship's encounters with enemy U-boats supply action and thrills.

THE GLASS KEY—*Paramount.* Like movie mysteries? Then don't miss this film version of Dashiell Hammett's novel about a political boss (Brian Donlevy) who is suspected of murder, and his faithful lieutenant's (Alan Ladd) efforts to clear him. Ladd portrays a variety of emotions and does them all splendidly. Suspense is good. Veronica Lake is in it, too.

FLYING TIGERS—*Republic.* Exciting melodrama based upon the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, those intrepid airmen who, before Pearl Harbor, patroled the skies over China. A good straightforward story centers on the courage of the Squadron Leader (John Wayne at his robust best), his resourcefulness in keeping his outnumbered planes in the air and his romance with a nurse, Anna Lee. John Carroll is good as the cocky, daredevil flyer.

THE HARD WAY—*Warners.* Ida Lupino dominates this adult drama of theatrical life in the rôle of a coldly ambitious girl who craves fame not for herself but for her younger sister. Joan Leslie lends freshness though little dramatic fervor to the ingenue rôle. Dennis Morgan as the man in the case is sufficiently suave and handsome to carry off an unbelievable part.

THE FOREST RANGERS—*Paramount.* Spectacular forest fires and a parade in Frontier Day style are the thrilling sights of this story of a Forest Ranger who tries to find those guilty of setting fires in Picayune Canyon. Fred MacMurray is seen as the Ranger and Paulette Goddard and Susan Hayward as the girls in his life. All performances good. See it.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE—*United Artists.* W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel of the great artist who lived and loved so ruthlessly, has been made into an absorbing motion picture, with George Sanders in the rôle of the middle-aged painter and heart-breaker who finds fulfillment at last in Tahiti with a native girl. Herbert Marshall and Doris Dudley also give outstanding performances.

THUNDER BIRDS—*20th Century-Fox.* A romantic movie about the training of Allied Nations air cadets at Thunder Bird Field. Most of the action concerns Preston Foster's determination to make a flyer out of a British cadet (John Sutton) despite fact that the student wins his girl away from him. Story is weak, but Sutton convincing. Gene Tierney, stunning.

"Every girl should have a lovely *Lux Complexion*"

says this charming young star





Veronica Lake

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

"Soft smooth skin wins romance," says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. "The Lux Soap lather's so creamy it's like a caress on the skin," she says. This ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*—gives precious skin care it *needs*.

Try these beauty facials for 30 days and see!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Above, Anna Sten in a scene from "School for Sabotage" in which she makes a brilliant comeback as *Frau Reiker*, with Dennis Hoey, who portrays *Colonel Taeger*, a Nazi officer.

School for Sabotage

Continued from page 38

besides, I never miss a dinner when your mother has turkey."

Only small talk at first. But later as they sat at the dinner table the more serious conversation came, the way it always had since Hitler's rise in Germany.

"Where else," Julius Steelman demanded with quiet satisfaction, "except here in America can a family get together for a reunion like this?"

"Yes," the doctor nodded gravely. "We should give thanks we are all good Americans."

"I can speak for my family." Julius gave his son a sudden penetrating look, a look that made Carl wonder just how much he might have heard. "We won't forget it, will we, Carl?"

Carl didn't answer. He tried to look as if he really meant it as he grinned at his father.

"Hey, didn't I send you a belt last Christmas?" he looked accusingly at the old one his father was wearing.

"Yes, with a silver buckle," Henrietta smiled. "But he won't wear it."

Was Carl only imagining things, or did his father look suddenly uncomfortable?

"There's no belt like this one," Julius protested. "It's something more than a belt. In my class all I have to do is to take it off and I have no trouble with my little roughnecks."

"You know, Papa," Carl said, "there's one thing I never could understand. Why you, a professor at Heidelberg University, are satisfied to teach a grammar school here in Milwaukee."

"That's easy to explain," Julius said slowly. "I am helping to build America. Today's children are tomorrow's citizens. You, Carl, you were in my class. Look at you now, a fine lawyer for a mining company. Yet even now you remember this belt. Not because you were afraid of it but because you respected the authority it represented. That is why I'm satisfied to teach children. None of my students will ever become Bundsters, barbarians!"

There, it had come at last, just as Carl had known it would. The issue couldn't be avoided any longer.

"Not every member of the German-American Bund is to be condemned," Carl said, trying to keep his voice under control. "Those of us of German blood who are in the Bund believe in its principles." Then as the others stared at him he took the plunge. "I've given up my job in South America. From now on, all my time will be devoted to German-American affairs right here in the United States. Tonight I am attending a Bund meeting."

"You're a member of this Bund?" His mother demanded, appalled.

"Some of the country's leading men belong," Carl parried.

"Why don't you answer your mother?" his father thundered. "Are you a member of the Bund? Is that why you came here?"

"Yes, Papa," Carl nodded. "I—I wish I could make you understand."

"Understand?" His father looked suddenly old. "Understand what? A bunch of hoodlums using free speech to undermine everything America stands for? And you lending yourself to this disgrace, in this city where your Mother and I have made our home! Why have you joined? Explain, please."

"I have nothing to explain," Carl insisted stubbornly. "I'm doing what I think is right. I must leave now or I'll be late."

"Carl!" His father rose with him, the sternness in his voice changing to pleading as he put his hand on his son's arm. "Your mother and I want you to stay here. We want you to have nothing to do with this Bund. It will be destroyed with all those who are a part of it."

"I'm sorry, Papa." Carl turned away. "I have a job to do."

The hall in the downtown section of the town made a patriotic display of the many flags hanging along the walls and dominating the speaker's platform. But the swastikas hanging beside them cast ominous shadows over them. Ernst Reiker was speaking as Carl came in.

"Here in this country we are the representatives of the master race!" His voice rose in the old way Carl remembered when he knew the man in South America. "We are the representatives of the Fuehrer. And we know no matter how rotten a government is we have been taught it will not fall of its own weight. Strong hands are needed to push it over. *And ours are those hands!*"

Carl's voice rose with the others in a frenzied chorus of *Sieg Heils*. Then as they subsided he pushed through the crowd to Reiker's side. "Excellent speech, Ernst," he approved.

"Thank you very much." The other's cold smile came. "Come, have a beer with me." Then as they sat down at a table with the foaming steins in front of them, "I've been making a swing around the country holding meetings with key men in the local Bunds. Now I'm through. I will be leaving very soon."

"Going back to South America?" Carl asked.

"Germany!" the other whispered mysteriously.

"You haven't been home in over ten years." Carl looked surprised. "What good could you do the fatherland there?"

"I'm not the only one they're calling back." Reiker became suddenly confidential. "Special work. Sabotage. They've put into operation in Berlin the best School for Sabotage the world will ever see. And they're collecting their best men for training in it. We are to—"

Suddenly he stopped as the doors swung



This is another scene from the picture showing Anna Sten with Andre Charlot, who also plays one of the Nazi officers.

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

Copr. 1943, Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

open and plain-clothes men and police rushed into the hall and stood guard beating back the frenzied Bundsmen. Carl's eyes quickly turned to a door left unguarded. "Ernst! Quick!" he whispered. "This way."

Pushing Reiker before him he fought his way through the milling crowd, his fist knocking down a policeman who tried to stop him. They managed to reach the door, run through the storeroom beyond to the window overlooking a narrow walled alley. Pushing it open, Carl beckoned to Reiker to follow as he jumped the short distance below and they had almost reached the end of the alley when a plain-clothes man blocked their way.

"Run!" Carl shouted as the warning came to halt. Clambering over the wall, he looked back once and saw Reiker lying there, the detective bending over him.

It wasn't until the next day he dared to make his cautious way home again. "The police are after me," he said tensely as his mother opened the door. And though his father was standing there he didn't say a word as Carl came into the room.

"Papa knew what he was talking about," Henrietta sobbed. "You should have listened to him. Throwing away your career, all you've worked for, and they'll put you in prison too."

"No, they won't," he said. "They haven't caught up with me yet and they won't. I have come to say goodbye to you. I'm going away."

His father gave him a long, penetrating look. "The best, the most sensible thing you can do is go to the police," he said. "Tell them you made a mistake. There is justice here. You'll do it, Carl, you'll listen to me?"

"I'm being true to my birthright," Carl answered.

"You speak like a blind fool!" His father's fist clenched as he took a quick step toward him. "Like those madmen who have swallowed such a mass of indigestible garbage the poison of it has twisted their brains!"



Above, George Sanders, as *Carl*, in the scene in which he lunches with the attractive blonde newcomer, Poldy Dur, who, as *Helga*, plays the romantic interest opposite Sanders.



George Sanders helps Poldy Dur make her escape from the Nazi detention camp in this exciting and thrilling scene from the forthcoming film, "School for Sabotage."

"I wish there was a way to make you see." Carl tried to keep his emotion out of his voice but it was useless. "But as there isn't, just let it go at that."

"No, we won't let it go at that!" the old man's hands trembled as he began unbuckling his belt, and Carl realizing what he was going to do backed away.

"Don't do that!" he said sharply.

"No, Papa!" Henrietta cried wildly. "No, Papa, please!"

The answer came in that stinging lash across his son's face. "I *am* doing it!" Julius sounded coldly controlled as he struck again. "Why don't you stop me?" he demanded. "You're bigger than I am." Then as the whip stung again, "But you can't, can you?"

Only when he reached the street outside did Carl break. He felt as if his very heart was crying as he wiped the tears from his eyes. But there was no time to think of that now. He had to get to New York fast. There was a man there it had become more imperative than ever that he see.

There was nothing to show that the man Carl faced in a bare furnished room a few days later was an important official and patriot. Craig even looked different away from the dignity of his office.

"Did you get here without any trouble?" he asked.

"Had a bad moment at the Hudson Tunnel," Carl grinned. "New York is sometimes almost as hard to get in as out of. Why do you want me, Chief?"

"Know this fellow?" Craig asked giving him a passport, indicating the picture on it.

"Sure," Carl nodded. "That's Ernst Reiker."

"Was," Craig corrected. "He's dead. We're not letting out the information, though."

"When Reiker died Hitler lost a very capable agent," Carl said.

"No, he hasn't." Craig took another passport out of his brief case and handed it to Carl. The name on it was still Ernst Reiker but Carl's picture had been substituted for the dead man's. "We doctored up Reiker's passport for you. It's vitally important you go to Germany in his place. From what news had leaked out the School for Sabotage is training the best men they can get their hands on and the results are aimed directly at the United States. We want to know what they're doing over there, what their exact plans are. That's your job, Carl. That is why you are going to Germany."

"When do I leave?" Carl asked.

"It's all been arranged," Craig said. "There's a ship leaving for Hamburg tomorrow morning. You'll be smuggled down into the coal bunkers. Any question?"

"No." Carl stared straight ahead thinking of his father's agony that last time he had seen him. How different Julius would feel if he knew the truth! "There's one thing that digs kind of deep, though. My family."

"What you're doing is bigger than one's personal regret," Craig said quietly. "But don't worry about your folks. I'll keep an eye on them. I promise."

"Shall I contact you before I get out of Germany with the information?" Carl asked.

"We can't run the risk of hearing from you." Craig snapped the lock on his brief case. "You'll be on your own. But I'll be waiting for you when you get back."

"Chief, you're what I'd call an optimist!" Carl grinned as he rose to go.

The plans had been well laid. Less than two weeks later Carl reported to Kapitan Kranz of the German Naval Intelligence in Berlin. And that same afternoon he was enrolled in the class just beginning at the School for Sabotage. It was there he met Gebhardt, Eichner, Zellerbach, Burkhardt and the rest of those seven men, chosen with him as the eight in the class to be most "honored," the eight that were to be sent first to sabotage the United States.

There was a feeling of importance among them that set them apart from the rest of the school, gave them a certain comaraderie of their own, very much as the nobility

AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE**

* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking

And far more Americans are wisely smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS!

No claim is made of any curative power in PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose and throat—therefore better *for* you. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!



SKY-PASSENGERS *on Pan American Clippers are served with America's FINEST Cigarette!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

might draw away from the masses. But Carl was amused to see that for all that they had their petty annoyances too. Their ration cards held no more coupons than any of the others and Zellerbach was torn between choosing a pair of shorts or gloves the day Carl accompanied him and Eichner to a small department store.

Then suddenly Carl lost interest in the ties he had been looking at himself. A girl was standing at the next counter, her eyes glowing as the saleswoman furtively showed her a pair of silk stockings that she had obviously been saving for her. If Carl had ever seen a prettier girl, certainly he had never felt as he was feeling now that it had become a matter of utmost importance to know this girl, to meet her.

"Do hurry please, Frau Schuster," she whispered, "before the wife of some important party official sees them. It was kind of you to call me."

"They're the last real silk ones in all Berlin," the saleswoman assured her as she wrapped them up. "There you are. Your clothing ration card, please." Then as the girl gave it to her, her voice sharpened. "Fraulein Lorenz, I'm sorry, but you've already used up your year's stocking allowance. See for yourself."

"But—but those others were cotton!" the girl protested.

"It makes no difference." The saleswoman retrieved the package. "It provides for two pairs of stockings and two you've had."

The girl's smile looked as if it had been pinned to her face. Losing out on a pair of stockings was a major tragedy in Germany and Carl was determined that girl was going to have what she wanted, and as she turned and left he took her place at the counter.

"Take the silk stockings off my card, Fraulein," he said. Then as she hesitated, "It's legal, isn't it?"



Above, Judy Garland singing some of the war songs from her picture, "For Me and My Gal," to twenty-five thousand people on the steps of the Los Angeles Victory House.

Hardly waiting to say goodbye to the others, ignoring their amused glances, Carl hurried out into the street with his package. He caught up with her just as she was disappearing around a corner.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "But didn't you forget something in that shop?" And then as she gave him a puzzled look, he smiled ingratiatingly as he held out the package. "This?"

"Why no, I—" Soft color flooded her face as she stared at him. "Oh no, Herr—"

"Reiker," he smiled. "Ernst Reiker. And you're not going to say you can't accept a gift from a stranger, are you?" His smile deepened. "That your mother told you not to?"

"She did!" Her smile met his at that and Carl took heart.

"That proves a complication." He shook his head in mock ruefulness. "A girl should always heed what her mother tells her. But if you had lunch with me, and you told me your name, and I saved this box until after the coffee, we wouldn't exactly be strangers any more, would we?"

"No—truthfully," she agreed.

"The truth at any price, then." He took her arm. "I know just the place."

Everything was *crsatz* about that lunch except the girl. He had learned a lot about her by the time they were drinking their coffee substitute, that her name was Helga and she was Austrian, and that she'd pretended to be ill at the office so that she could go to the store and buy those stockings when the saleswoman phoned her about them.

"I hope you don't think me brash," Carl said, "but I think I know the yearning in a young girl's heart for a pair of silk stockings, especially when she has legs as pretty as yours. I just couldn't resist the impulse to act the good samaritan. I hope I don't meet his fate."



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring . . . *they last and last.*

Strong Grip

Won't Slip Out



Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood . . . but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong

BOB PINS

"I couldn't be so ungrateful," she assured him. "But you make very light of your sacrifice, Herr Reiker. After all, you had to give up your tie."

She had noticed him in the store then just as he had noticed her. Carl couldn't hold back his quick pleasure as he laughed.

"A tie is uncomfortable in times like this anyway," he said. "It makes a man too conscious of his neck. And as for sacrificing a tie, I'll have gotten much more than I sacrificed if you'll just think of me as—" he stopped himself just in time—"as Ernst," he concluded.

They seemed very far away from wartime Germany walking in the nearby park, sitting on the bank of the lake and throwing precious breadcrumbs to the swans.

"I hope my employer doesn't see me," Helga laughed. "Was it very wicked of me to tell him I was ill?"

"I have an unpleasant feeling you'll go to heaven anyway," he smiled.

"An *unpleasant* feeling?" she repeated.

"Yes," he nodded. "It only leaves me a lifetime here on earth to get to know you."

"You don't think you'll get to heaven, then?" Her amused eyes challenged him.

"You're an Austrian," he pointed out. "I'm a Nazi, aren't I?"

"Shhh!" Her voice was as bantering as his own. "Suppose somebody heard you?"

"They'd think I was joking," he said. "Nobody believes the truth here."

"Perhaps some day they will." She gave him a long level look as if she were wondering how much of his banter she could believe herself. "What kind of uniform are you wearing?" she asked.

"Special duty." He looked at his watch. "You're a little saboteur. Look how you kill time when I'm with you. I'll be late for school. You see, I'm a cadet for the School for Sabotage here in Berlin."

"No wonder you were so certain you'd never get to heaven." Her voice came mockingly giving him no clue to how she really felt.

"Do you mind," his eyes became as inscrutable as her own, "if I try to make a little bit of heaven here for myself on earth?"

"You can try!" Her laugh came as he pulled her to her feet. For a moment there was that impulse to take her in his arms. Then with a gay salute he turned and left.

It was like coming into darkness after sunlight, going to the school that afternoon, like sitting with death after that interlude of having been more glowingly alive than he had ever been before. For it was with death the teacher dealt. Horrible, treacherous death moving with lightning quickness, dealing destruction with things looking so innocent no one would be suspicious of them.

Carl was thoughtful that evening as he went back to his hotel. A woman was waiting in his room, a woman who looked at him sharply as he came in.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought—I must be in the wrong room. I'm looking for Herr Ernst Reiker."

So it had come at last, the first danger as Carl had known it must. But his voice gave no hint of his concern as he answered.

"I'm Ernst Reiker," he said.

She looked at him, her eyes blazing with suspicion now. "My husband?" she asked coolly.

"I appreciate your disappointment." Carl made his voice sound casual. This was worse than he had bargained for. "But I hope you'll understand. I'm assuming your husband's identity for his best interests. Ernst was arrested in America," he flung out vaguely. Then as she looked at him, "You don't know?" he asked as if surprised that she didn't.

"I don't." Her unpleasant voice grated harshly. "I think I shall have to take steps to secure this knowledge elsewhere. You

CAST

"SCHOOL FOR SABOTAGE"

(Copyright 1943 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation)

Produced by Lee Marcus. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Screen Play by Aubrey Wisberg. Original Story by Michel Jacoby.

Carl Steelman.....George Sanders
Frau Reiker.....Anna Sten
Mrs. Steelman.....Elsa Janssen
Colonel Taeger.....Dennis Hoey
Dr. Baumer.....Sig Ruman
Mr. Steelman.....Ludwig Stossel
Helga.....Poldy Dur
Gebhardt.....Ralph Byrd
Kapitan Kranz.....Robert Barrat
Mr. Craig.....Ward Bond
Zellerbach.....Charles McGraw
Eichner.....Rex Williams

may find such a move on my part very embarrassing. There is no other course open."

"Oh, yes, there is," Carl said softly. Before she realized what he was doing he had taken a gun out of his pocket. "Here is a very effective course, guaranteed to persuade anyone to keep a secret for a very long time.

"You wouldn't dare!" she protested. Her voice rose in hysteria. She could have been a mad woman facing him, with her protruding eyes staring so wildly.

"There is no need," he smiled reassuringly as he put the gun away again. "Our interests are joined. Yours to your husband's, his to mine. Just give me twenty-four hours, then you'll learn everything. You know the kind of work your husband was doing, the sort of dangers he encountered. We were working together."

She looked at him doubtfully. "How can I even be sure you weren't responsible for his arrest?" she asked.

"Surely you can wait another day to find out?" Carl said in the way of one arguing with a child. "Then if you're not satisfied with the story I give you, you can do as you please."

"I'll give you until nine o'clock tomorrow morning." Her voice rose stridently as she turned to go.

He waited at the window until he saw her walk down the street, turn a corner and disappear before he dashed downstairs and hailed a cab. Less than ten minutes later he was sitting on the opposite side of the desk from Colonel Taeger, one of the Gestapo Chiefs.

"Cadet Ernst Reiker from the School for Sabotage?" The Colonel studied the card which had been brought in to him. "I don't see what business you have here. The Gestapo has no direct influence on the affairs of the school, unless"—his sadistic eyes flashed hopefully—"you have come to denounce somebody?"

"That is it exactly." Carl's voice assumed just the right tone of reluctance. "I have. My—my wife."

Taeger was all attention now as he stroked his moustache excitedly. "Ah! That's a very fine gesture, Herr Reiker." His voice was blandly approving. "Has she been expressing unfavorable comments about the Fuehrer? The army? Our ally?"

"Not precisely, Colonel," Carl admitted. "I am here to guarantee my own security. You see, I'm afraid my wife's erratic be-

avior might jeopardize the fatherland's nterest by involving me in embarrassments it might be difficult to explain."

"What do you mean by your wife's eratic behavior?" the Colonel demanded.

"The things she says about the Fuehrer!" Carl's voice was righteously indignant. About Reichmarshall Goering and Herr Goebbels and the Leader's other assistants. About—"

"Then your wife does criticize the government," the Colonel said.

"In her more irrational moments," Carl admitted. "I'm afraid she's insane. I saw indications of mental decay when she was with me in South America."

"There is no room in the Reich for the physically or mentally deficient," the Colonel said, emphatically. "Here in Germany we are building a race of supermen. Your wife, Herr Reiker, should be put away. What is her obsession?"

"I am." Carl managed to look unhappy. She denies I'm her husband."

"That's bad indeed." Taeger shook his head. "She is more than a borderline case, apparently. She is a menace. It will be definitely to your interest to have her put away."

"You don't know how much," Carl agreed. Then taking his hat he bowed his thanks and left, leaving the address that had been found among Reiker's papers, feeling that the hysteria Reiker's wife had shown would work in his interests when he was taken into custody.

Still the next day he wondered if something had gone wrong, when as he was leaving the school he received the urgent summons to report to Taeger. But the man's first words put his fears at rest. Frau Reiker had been everything he had reported, absolutely an uncontrollable maniac, the Colonel assured him, and had been taken to a sanatorium. Then came the real reason for the summons as he handed Carl a paper. It was the complete record of the time he had spent with Helga, from the moment he saw her in the store until he left her in the park.

"You admit the accuracy of this report?" the Colonel asked as Carl finished reading it.

"Yes, it's accurate all right." Carl looked at him indignantly. "A very fine job of snooping. Who is to be congratulated for sticking his nose so thoroughly into my business?"

"You find the thought objectionable?" the Colonel laughed in that way of a man amused at another's escapades. "In that case it would be advisable to exercise greater care in your acquaintanceships."

"You mean it was Fraulein Helga Lorenz being observed and not me?" Carl looked his amazement.

"Precisely, Herr Reiker." The Colonel became his old blustering self again. "She is suspected of being involved in a dangerous underground movement."

"But that's impossible." Carl looked incredulous. "Why, she's just a little typist, sweet, pretty, unsophisticated, as innocent as a child. You've only to see her yourself."

"I *will* see her." The Colonel's mouth tightened grimly. "When you've given me proof to make the interview effective. I want you to continue where you left off. It should not be difficult. You will befriend her, make love to her if necessary, and try to find the proof of our suspicions concerning her. Is it understood?"

"Of course, Herr Colonel." Carl gave the party salute. "Absolutely."

Helga was even lovelier than he remembered, that night as he came to call on her, and though Carl's trained eyes swept the room in a casual way that still missed nothing, there was no sign, even the slightest, that the Colonel's suspicions of her had been true.

"Would you like some coffee?" she asked

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS"

says *Ilona Massey*



Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."



The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—

You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10¢ to $1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

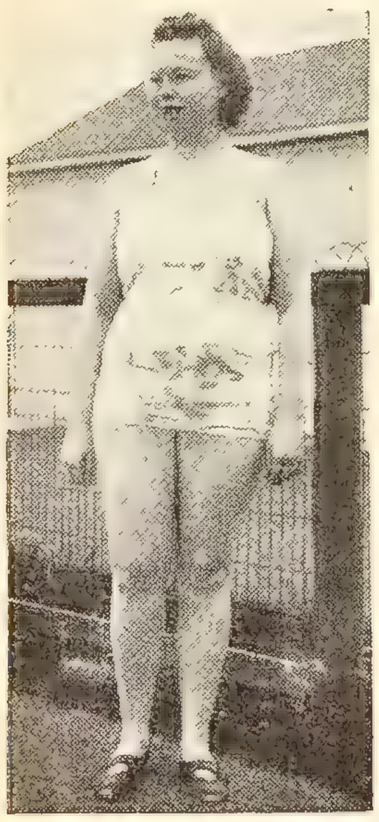
Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of *being* tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peaches and cream complexion and a gay new spirit.



What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost	37 lbs.
Waist	7" less
Abdomen	7" less
Hips	6¾" less
Thigh	6½" less



Before

After

"My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start."

Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 65,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy —at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course and what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. S-66; 693 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Please send the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

after she had taken his hat. "Real coffee, I mean. Brazilian. I've been hoarding it for a very special occasion." Then as he lifted his eyebrow in mock disapproval her laugh came. "I'm as good a German as you are," she said enigmatically.

He knew what she meant when he took advantage of her absence in the kitchen to search the room more thoroughly and found the wax candle hidden under a pile of napkins in a bureau drawer, the wax candle that for all it looked so real turned out to be a tube with a tightly rolled sheet of paper inside. He was reading the message as she came in, the message warning all Germans loyal to the country that had once been Germany, about Nazi perfidies. There was no doubt at all now that she was a member of the underground.

"Where did you get it?" she asked in a small voice, the color draining from her face. "I didn't think you'd spy on me, Ernst."

"I want the others," he said. Then at her quick exclamation, "I must destroy them. Helga! You don't realize what you are doing, the risk you're running. Let me have them, please." He waited until she had opened another drawer, until she came back with more of the cylinders. "And you'll promise, no more?" he asked.

"I promise to do what is right." She looked at him with the question in her eyes he couldn't answer. "Drink your coffee," she said listlessly. "It's getting cold."

The question was gone from her eyes when he saw her the next day. Only the silent accusation was there, that loathing she didn't try to conceal. For it was in Colonel Taeger's office he saw her again. He had had to report her that evening before when the Gestapo man stopped him as he left her apartment and demanded the package he was carrying, telling him her apartment had been observed through highpowered glasses for days, that they had seen him find the candles. After that there was nothing for him to do but denounce her to the Gestapo, pretend that he had been working for them as Taeger had requested.

The Colonel had been questioning her before Carl was brought in and at first there had been hope in her eyes when she saw him, a hope that died as he repeated the story he had told the night before, the story that took every chance to establish innocence away from her.

"If," she lifted her head as bitter words came, "if this is the way men crucify each other and debauch trust with treachery, if this is the German way of life and the kind of life you are trying to impose on the free peoples of the earth, then I thank God I've been able to do the things I've done!"

"Take her to the detention camp!" Taeger thundered, and Carl's fists clenched as the officer's hand stung against Helga's soft cheeks. "She leaves for Dachau tonight. They'll make her sing another tune there."

Tonight! It left little time to get the things he would need, to accomplish what he must do, the highpowered car he would need. But just after dark he had climbed the wall into the courtyard of the detention prison and his luck held as he eluded still another sentry and got into the garage. Two cars were there. It was quick work to puncture the gas tank of one of them making it useless so that anyone leaving would have to use the other car. And he had just finished tinkering with that one when he heard footsteps approaching and made his hurried escape.

He breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed into his own car again, quickly snapping on the ignition as he heard the prison gates open, managing to hold an even distance between his own and the car that drove out. It was when they were out on the country road, a safe enough distance away, that he switched his car sideways on the road and stopped it so the other could not pass. Then he seized the gun he had concealed and ran to the car just stopping behind him.

"Get out!" he ordered the two guards sitting in it. "Touch your guns and you're dead men." And with the gun menacing them there was nothing to do but obey. Then, not turning his head, with his eyes still on them, he spoke again. "You too, Helga. Get in that other car quick. And you men, flat on your faces. Move a muscle and I'll trademark you with fifty slugs apiece."

Still covering them he backed after Helga to the other car. By the time the guards had gotten to their feet and reached their own car he was a good distance away.

"Ernst, I don't understand," Helga said then.

"That doesn't matter right now." His crooked grin came. "Just pray we make it. I've got everything arranged. There's a barge tied to the south shore of the river. The captain will cast loose and drift down with the current as soon as you're aboard. Don't ask questions, don't answer any. He's been paid and he isn't curious."

"Why have you done this for me?" she asked softly.

"I got you into this mess." He didn't



Don Ameche, Janet Blair and Jack Oakie, who appear together in Columbia's "Something To Shout About," seem to have found that "something" in this scene from the picture, above.

take his eyes off the mirror above him, the mirror which showed that tiny speck that was the other car gaining on them down the road. "Helga, I had to denounce you. If I hadn't, the man who had been watching you would have denounced both of us. I couldn't take the chance. I've got a job to do. Someday I hope I can tell you about it, about a lot of things."

"Someday I hope you will," she whispered, her voice radiant.

"And don't forget!" His smile came. "When that day comes I'll find you, wherever you are."

"I'll be waiting," she said simply. Suddenly her voice rose in terror. "They're gaining on us, can't we go any faster?"

"They've got more speed than we have," Carl said grimly. "Their car is supercharged, can do up to a hundred if necessary." He glanced at the speedometer. It showed almost seventy-five. "I'll try to get another mile out of her."

The explosion came as the other car increased its speed. Carl had done his work well with that time bomb he had installed in it that had been set to go off when the car's speed reached seventy-five. He looked back over the road. All that was left of the pursuing car and the two men in it were those fragments strewn across the road.

"Boy, am I glad I paid close attention to teacher!" he gloated.

There was only time for a quick farewell near the river, for a brief embrace. Then the boat cast off and Carl was on his way back to Berlin again, the city he would soon be leaving now.

The summons came just before dawn one morning. Carl and the seven others chosen for the dangerous mission to the United States were driven to the harbor, taken on a U boat. There was time for thinking on the days it took to cross the Atlantic for doing what he had to do here. There were too many Allied ships to be endangered by its position in those waters.

Only Carl heard the muffled explosion as the rubber raft they were using to land on the coast scraped the sands. The others were too intent on reaching shore to hear the faint sound coming from the explosion under water. Only one who had been listening for it would hear it or notice that faint film of oil settling over the grave of what had once been a submarine.

The rest of the story became a wartime saga. The man who approached them as they were hiding the raft in the sand, the man they thought they had bribed with three hundred dollars and short changed him forty of those dollars at that, the arrests and the quick trial.

It was after his own arrest that Carl faced Craig again in his office.

"It was fine work, Carl," Craig said, holding out his hand.

"I got the breaks," Carl smiled.

"More than you know," Craig assured him. "We intercepted a coded radio message to that U boat which brought you. It must have come just as you were landing. It ordered your immediate execution as a spy. Somebody had tipped them off."

Carl was more thankful than ever now he had done his own sabotage on that submarine. For if it hadn't been wrecked, it wouldn't have been just his own life that would have been forfeited, but the lives of thousands of Americans.

"Any ideas?" he asked.

"A couple," Craig said. "I'll take care of it. But your job isn't finished yet. You're going to stand trial with the others. The testimony will be more conclusive with you on the stand, supposedly a party to the guilt."

Carl stared at him unbelievingly. "Look, Chief," he said then. "I'm a reasonable man. I'm more than willing to do my job,



NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Arrid can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

but I don't want to be one of those swine!"

"I know it's going to be unpleasant to be publicly pilloried as a traitor and saboteur," Craig agreed. "But it's still your job. You'll give state's evidence. That means you'll have to postpone seeing your family for a while."

"I hope the court-martial reaches a verdict, but fast!" Carl said, managing that rueful grin.

They did reach a verdict fast and the sentences were carried out still faster. In record time six were executed. Only two were alive, Burkhardt and Carl Steelman, who were both sentenced to long prison sentences.

Then again Carl faced Craig and was told he was to be allowed a quiet visit to his family. Only then did the Chief tell him that Julius knew the truth, that Craig himself had gone to Milwaukee to tell him when he heard Julius' concern over his son had made him so ill he was dying of a broken heart. But he had made the father promise to tell no one, not even his wife.

Julius had recovered quickly now that he knew his son wasn't a traitor but a hero. And he'd kept his promise, at least half of it. For though he hadn't told Henrietta knowing how women will talk, he hadn't been able to keep his news from his old friend and the good doctor had been just as overjoyed as he was.

So it was right the doctor should be there again when Carl came home, should see Henrietta's face when she saw her son and ran into his arms. And it was then Carl saw the belt his father was wearing.

"The belt I gave you," he smiled. "You've got it on."

"Yes, it's a very good belt," Julius said as Henrietta hurried into the kitchen. Food always seemed the most important part of a homecoming to her. "I'm proud to wear it," he said.

"Tell us of your adventures." The doctor spoke for the first time. "You must have had a very exciting time. A pretty girl maybe?"

"Yes, there was a girl," Carl said.

"You're lucky to be home, eh, Carl?" Baumer nudged him in the old hearty way. "It's wonderful, Julius, what your son has been doing for our country. You should be very proud."

"Proud!" Julius' laugh filled the room. "If I swell up any more they can use me for the fat man in the circus."

"Papa," Carl said. "What I'm going to tell you now will make you swell up like a barrage balloon. I brought back with me the name of every Nazi agent in the country."

"Wonderful!" Baumer leapt to his feet. "That's a fine piece of work, my boy."

"I knew you'd be interested, Baumer." Carl wheeled on him. "Since you're number eight on the list."

"What's that you're saying, Carl?" Julius' face went white.

"This!" Carl said tersely and before the doctor knew what was happening he had taken a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and snapped them on Baumer's wrist.

For a moment Julius looked as if he were going to spring on the man he had thought his closest friend, the man whose paid-for information to Germany had almost caused Carl's death. Then he relaxed as his wife came to the door.

"Come, everybody, eat!" she announced cheefully.

"Only three plates, Mama," Carl said. Then he took her in his arms and gave her that special hug. She was wonderful, that mother of his! Helga was a lucky girl, having her for a future mother-in-law.



MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

MIDOL

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



Beautiful Adele Mara, who danced and sang with Xavier Cugat's orchestra before the movies discovered her, and who played Rita Hayworth's sister in "You Were Never Lovelier," has been signed by Columbia for an important rôle in "Reveille With Beverly."

Gig's Going Places!

Continued from page 42

job in the office of a Ford agency working by day and studying at the Phil Hayden School for actors at night.

"What did you study?" I asked.

"Dancing," he answered briefly, and then grinned and added hastily, "but I still can't dance."

"Don't say that," I admonished him, "with musicals coming back into vogue again."

"Oh, I can sing," he averred, and once more qualified his statement by adding, "for my own amusement and the audience's amazement."

When nothing in the way of a theatrical career presented itself in Washington—when he was bored nigh unto death with cam shafts, connecting rods, valves and pistons—when he was finally 21—he lit out for Hollywood with the warnings and denunciations of his family ringing in his ears.

He arrived in the film capital like many another hopeful aspirant—broke and friendless. Gig may often be broke but he'll never be friendless long. That grin of his would break down even *Scrooge's* reserve. He got a job in a filling station and had soon become close friends with one of the customers—a young chap almost as broke as Gig.

"Why don't you go to the Ben Bard School of Acting?" his friend, Bill Hammer, asked.

"No dough," said Gig.

"Maybe they'd let you work for your tuition," Bill insisted.

Gig applied at the school and was given the course in exchange for labor—painting back drops, shifting scenery, etc. Then he got a job as night clerk in a small hotel in Culver City—ten miles away.

He attended school during the day and went on duty at the hotel at 5:00. He worked until 5:00 in the morning, slept until 8:00 and then back to the school again.

One day he passed out cold in the class room. It was the first time in his life he had ever fainted. Then he realized he had been having trouble waking up mornings. "Perhaps I'm passing out in my sleep," he thought. He sat down on a divan and relaxed, tipped his head back and promptly fainted.

He had to leave the school. His friend Bill called for him one afternoon. "Got a bow tie?" he asked. Gig shook his head. "Well, come along, anyhow," his friend ordered.

He drove Gig to a night club in Beverly Hills, and introduced him to the *maitre d' hotel*. The latter agreed to try Gig out for a few nights as a waiter. The first night business was slack and Gig did all right. He was hired permanently and gave up his job at the hotel.

Three months later, when Gig had inadvertently spilled a glass of cold water down the bosom of a lady customer (who took it very good-naturedly), the *maitre d' hotel* summoned Gig. "You'll never make a waiter," he prophesied mournfully. Then his voice took a firmer tone, "You'll have to go," he announced.

Another friend of Gig's owned a small filling station. "You can work here until you find something better," he offered. "No regular hours. Just whenever you're not out looking for a job, come around." A week later he sold the place and the old familiar problem of eating cropped up again.

Bill was working as a bartender in a drive-in restaurant. Gig used to hang around there visiting. "Would you like to

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my *W.B.N.C."



Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

***Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."**

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢. Also generous sizes at 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.

work here?" the manager finally asked him, figuring it would be better to have him working there than loafing around the place.

"I'd like it very much," Gig answered gratefully, "if you can fix my hours so I'll be off nights. I'm studying at the Pasadena Community Playhouse."

So Gig worked days and nights again. It seems that once a week the Playhouse holds auditions for parts and anyone can "read." Gig read so well he was not only given the part but a fellowship as well.

But hard luck dogged his footsteps. The misgivings of his boss at the night club were not without foundation. Gig mixed up more orders at the drive-in than he got straight. "They weren't unreasonable," he cheerfully admits. "If you only bawled up a few they didn't say anything but when mistakes got to be chronic they made you pay for the stuff. Of course, as soon as you paid for something it became your property and if you couldn't sell it to someone else you could always eat it."

At the end of two months he left the Pasadena Playhouse with a bride—a charming girl he had met there. He got a job in a little theater production of "People at Sea." When that folded he got a part in another little theater production—the rôle of *Abie* in the perennial "Abie's Irish Rose." It was the first job he had ever had where he was paid for acting—not much, it is true, but he was paid and had, at long last, become a professional.

Almost his entire first week's salary went to pay back money he'd borrowed to live on, so meals around the Young household continued skimpy and irregular. When he drew his second week's salary he paid what bills he reasonably could and blew the rest in on groceries. "I've a friend who is a whiz at making a feast out of nothing," Gig grinned. "He came over and fixed up a meal that was a banquet. We were all starving. Just as we were ready to sit down my agent called and told me he had signed a contract for me at Warner Brothers and we got so excited none of us could eat!"

He has been at Warner Brothers a year now and played bits in "Dive Bomber," "Navy Blues," "One Foot in Heaven," "The Male Animal," "Captains of the Clouds" and "They Died with Their Boots On." But it wasn't until "The Gay Sisters" that he really got a part—a part that enabled him to prove that his faith in himself was justified. Now he is featured in the big special, "Air Force."

There is drama and pathos in Gig's early life in Hollywood—the kind of drama you find in stories about the town. But, in the first flush of success, with his head in the clouds, his disappointments and heartaches are forgotten and the past has changed from a dismal gray to a soft rose. He hasn't yet learned to dramatize himself.

"Whatever made you want to be an actor in the first place?" I asked.

"I don't know," he confessed. "I can't remember a time when I ever wanted to do anything else."

"But when the sledding was so rough," I persisted, "didn't you ever feel like giving up your acting career and trying something more stable?"

He shook his head. "In her book, 'Cross Creek,'" he remarked, "Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings says, 'It is more important to live the life one wishes to live, and to go down with it if necessary, quite contentedly, than to live more profitably but less happily.' And that's how I feel."

We lapsed into silence. The dining room emptied and still we sat there. I don't know of what Gig was thinking but I know my own thoughts. I was thinking, "If Gig could only go through life as he is today! If Joshua could only make the sun stand still again!"

Why I Won't Be A Furlough Bride!

Continued from page 27

I don't think it is ever going to be the storybook thing again. It is too bad for us, for the girls of my generation, if we want of love the pampering we once took as our due. When our men come back from war they won't be dancing attendance upon us to the exclusion of all else. There will be a World to be rebuilt. It is going to take more than soft dalliance to do it.

I know all the arguments in favor of being a war-bride. They are, the majority of them, colored by emotion. They simply mean that you want to snatch a slice out of time, come what may, for romance. And by so doing, the argument continues, you are supposed to be proving a Great Love.

I'm sorry, I don't go for it! I cannot see why a Great Love is not proven by self-sacrifice as well as by self-indulgence. It is these rare things, isn't it, these precious things, that we save and protect and put away for the future?

At any rate, what I am getting at is that this is not what Craig and I want of marriage—a furlough for a honeymoon. Because of the brevity of time there would be a mental barrier. We couldn't be happy, not really happy, facing that imminent leavetaking.

I don't *want* my marriage to begin like that!

I have never been married but I am told that the First Year is the hardest. Adjustments to make, and so on. I would be afraid to make that first year still harder by trying to make a pattern of it, broken into bits like a jigsaw puzzle, as it might be.

Craig and I have done everything right so far. Conventionally, I mean. He asked my mother and father for my hand in marriage (while I hid behind the kitchen door, my knees going like castanets). We announced our engagement in the old-fashioned way. We *like* to do things that way. We want our marriage to be like that. We want our wedding to be planned for, and in church. I want to have bridesmaids and a matron of honor. I want to wear 'something old, something new.' I want to have an organ play the wedding march and have rice and old shoes thrown at us as we drive away. I want a honeymoon and a house to come back to and Craig to carry me across the threshold.

To fly to Las Vegas on borrowed time would not, somehow, fit into our pattern. Besides, look around Hollywood and you find that the marriages that were done the right way, even in peace-times, are the ones that last. Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul did theirs so beautifully. I do admire them for that.

I'm sorry, I just do not agree that wartime marriages make it easier for the men. But even if I did agree, even if I wanted to marry now, there is still Craig to consider. And he feels as I do, that it would be harder for us to be separated if we were married.

So we are trying to think of this postponement of our plans as just a longer engagement than we might otherwise have had. That makes it seem more as it would have been—more as if Craig had just had to take a trip on business, so we had to wait a little longer. Then, when he comes back, when peace comes back, we can start together and go on from there.

That, certainly, is what *I* want of love, as I think I have made clear—to keep it as it was before Craig went away. To keep it safe and secure until he comes back again. And if I want to keep it secure and unchanged I, like every other girl with a man in the service, *must work for it.*

Matter of fact, it's presumptuous for any girl today to be saying what she "wants" of love. She is probably going to take what she gets and like it! And she is certainly going to have to work for it, in the hope that it may remain unchanged and unwounded.

I think any girl who says goodbye to her man in the service must prepare for a change in him, and should begin to prepare for it *the day he leaves.* I think she must begin to ward off the threatened change the day he leaves, not later on, when it may be too late. Letters are the only way. They are, in fact, the only things we have to use in lieu of spoken words and demonstrations.

The whole purport of my letters to Craig is to make him feel that he is still a part of things here in Hollywood; in the picture business as well as in my life and heart. I talk about the picture business to him. I tell him what pictures are in production, who is in them, what goes on on the sets. I mention who I saw in the Green Room at luncheon that day: Ann Sheridan, Gig Young, Brenda Marshall, whoever was there, and what they said to me and what I said to them. I tell him about the places I go to. I go into details about my work at the Hollywood Canteen. Talk like this, even on paper, keeps it all fresh in his mind, keeps his interest alive, gives him "contact." Craig has very definite ideas, sticks to them, is not easily swayed. Just the same, the more vivid and intimate I make the home talk, the less likely he is to change his interests, or to feel out of things.

No, not what *we* want of love, I think, but what we have to *give* to it, of wisdom, and strength, and patience.

Another thing I try to give Craig is responsibilty. Much the same responsibilities he would have had if he were here and we were together during this period of our engagement. I write him about my plans for buying a radio-victrola for our future home. I discuss it with him, the makes I like best, the comparative prices, the things I will have to go without if I do buy one, and what does HE think about it? I talk about buying records. "Have you heard any lately that you would like to add to your collection?" My idea being for him to get the idea that there is no reason why he should stop adding to his collection of records.

I give him responsibility for me. When problems come up at the studio, I ask his advice, tell him I will not make any decision until I hear from him. There are so many things I wouldn't do without consulting him if he were here. I still don't do them without consulting him. And he knows that I don't, I see to that!

So I say again, I want of love what I have always wanted of it. I want it to be the first thing in our lives, a shared thing, that will take deep roots and grow, and continue to grow. This being so, I can wait for it. I shall do more than wait for it, I'll work for it. And believe in it. *And pray.*"


BUY UNITED STATES
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

Hollywood's War Babies

Continued from page 21

the American mothers—those brave women.

For some time it has been the common assumption that Hollywood stars are never too anxious to have babies. Yet they, too, are joining the parade. The Hollywood war babies are not conspicuous by their absence. Let's look at the record.

Of all the famous mothers whose husbands are in the service, three stand out. These three are Brenda Joyce, Veronica Lake, and Jane Wyman. And they are only a cross-section of the change going on today in Hollywood. A change that is stripping away much of Hollywood's falsity and substituting solidness and reality.

Brenda is the newest mother. Her husband, Owen Ward, is a lieutenant in the Army.

"When the war came," Brenda told me one day, "Owen and I didn't say to ourselves, 'We can't have a child now.' We had always wanted a baby and the war made our decision even more imperative. I knew that above all else I *must* have his child. I think that every girl in love with her husband feels this way. It's love that gives a woman courage in these times.

"Now that our child has come, we still are unafraid. I think war puts every woman to a test. By daring her to have a child it makes her see what stuff she is made of. I know that our baby will get along all right. I know it because I have faith in our country and what it is fighting for. If I didn't believe in our fight, I certainly wouldn't believe in having a child. Any mother who has a baby in these times is merely expressing her faith in America. And in its destiny. After all, why shouldn't children be all right in these times? Parents should feel that *because* of their children the fight that is waging must be won at all costs.

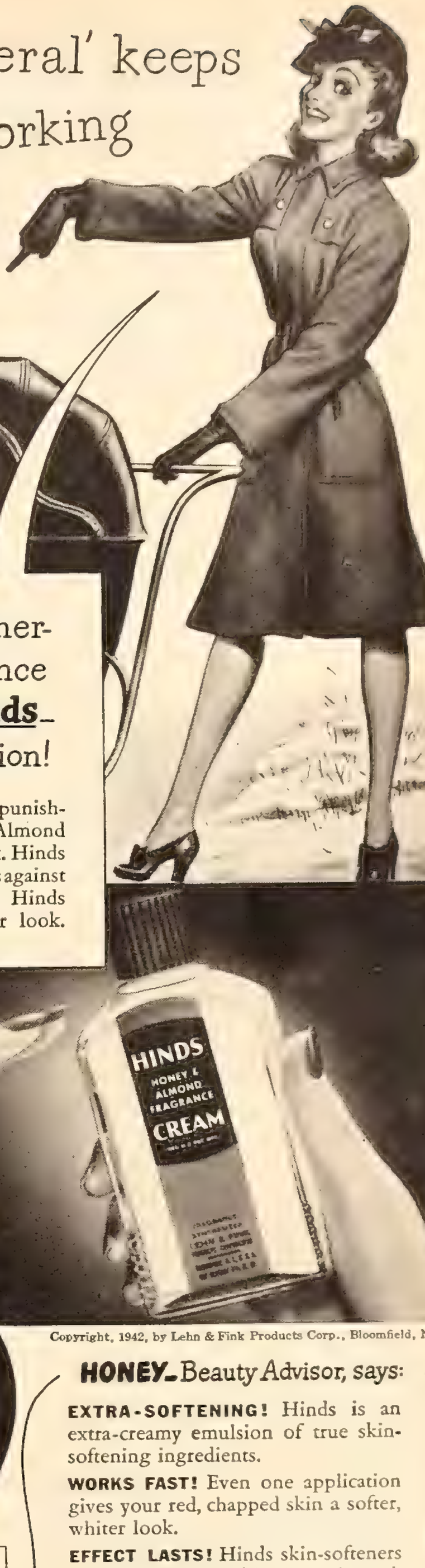
"I think it's very important to have children now. The whole world is conscious of them these days. It is for them we are fighting—to assure them a safer, happier place in which to live. And even in war, there is still enough freedom—in America—and wealth, comfort, and normality to make the lives of children happy. Then, when the war is over, there will be even more opportunities for them."

By the time you read this, Brenda's husband may just have had enough time to say "Hello" to his new child. Brenda has not overlooked this possibility. Many months ago, she prepared herself for such an eventuality.

"Even though things will be lonely and hard with Owen away from the baby and me," Brenda remarked, "I know I can manage. The child will give us both something to look forward to, to tie to, to believe in. A baby is a wonderful, tangible thing. It is an anchor for parents. It also helps mothers, especially, to forget their own troubles and problems because with a child to work for, to protect, and to raise there is little time to think of themselves. Motherhood has always meant an unselfish state to me, and I think the whole world needs unselfishness these days.

"Now that the baby has come, I plan to take a small house near the studio, get a good nurse, and go back to work. The mere fact that I'm going to continue working does not imply at all that I'm essentially a career-minded girl instead of a mother. But in these days when so many mothers are working to keep a home for the future, I

"The 'Little General' keeps my hands working overtime!"



No more red, weather-chapped hands since I've been using **Hinds**—that **Honey** of a lotion!

My hands get plenty of hot-water punishment. But I use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *before* and *after* housework. Hinds skin-softeners help guard my hands against dryness, roughness. *After* work Hinds gives my hands a softer, whiter look.



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

You better be proud of my hands—they're soft as baby's!

HONEY—Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of true skin-softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application gives your red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect your skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters

VICTORY FIRST! OUR POLICY
NOT TO USE ANY INGREDIENTS NOW REQUESTED FOR WAR USE
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Now!



HINDS *for* HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*





FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset you—won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX

10c and 25c at all drug stores

FREE to GRAY HAIR PERSONS

Get the facts on cause of gray hair. How simple diet addition has restored natural hair color without messy dyeing. Ages 22 up. Don't look old before your time. Free pamphlet. NIX CO., Dept. V, Memphis, Tenn.

NIX DEODORANT STOPS BODY ODOR in 1 minute (1 to 3 days). Thousands get NIX daily at 10c stores. LARGE JAR . . 10c

Free HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO



Just to get acquainted, we will make you FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, lifelike color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with FREE enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing. *Act Quick.* Offer limited to U.S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 667, Hollywood, Calif.

feel that I should do my part. Naturally, though, my first thoughts and considerations will be for my child.

"I think all war mothers are interested only in giving their children a proper start in life. That takes most of their time. But mothers also have a job to do for the fathers of their babies. That job is morale. Every mother should let her husband know that things are going well at home. She must write often and be loyal and cheerful —and affectionate. To accept the inevitable and what may come with dignity and courage is a woman's responsibility in this war. That, and to build with him a solid home when the war is over.

"Our life today—Owen's and mine—has reached its most wonderful moment because of our baby. We planned our marriage on schedule and we knew when we wanted to have the child. We certainly would never let anything—not even a war—interfere. I can truthfully say that we are facing the future unafraid and with hope. Our baby has taken away our fears and has given us confidence in the life we eventually hope to lead together."

Veronica Lake, whose husband, John Detlie, is in the Army, has been a mother now for a little over a year. She has had opportunity to see concretely how the war will affect her and her baby, Elaine.

I talked to Veronica just after she returned from her very successful bond tour. The one thing I wanted to find out was what she considered the most significant difficulty facing a war mother—and how she faced it.

"My difficulty was trying to be certain that Elaine would be given the best care and that I'd be able to give her the same kind of life she would have if John were home," Veronica explained. "Elaine has been under the constant care of a competent person when I have been unable to be with her. I have always given definite instructions to be followed in case of any emergency. I haven't left that important detail to a stranger. You see, I have tried to combine acting and also be with John, so it has been a bit confused. Yet, I'm not unlike any war mother. Most mothers by now, I think, have worked out their own particular problem by sending their children to schools or to day nurseries. At least, such is the case with mothers who have to work. Their problem is one of self-support and of not losing sight of the fact that the baby must supersede everything else.

"In these times, though, there is a great danger confronting most mothers. They are so busy that they may be inclined to forget to give their children plenty of love and affection. They should, I think, go out of their way to shower attention on the child. But there is also a danger in this—a danger of being so affectionate that a child becomes spoiled. I have tried to give Elaine all of the love and care and still teach her the importance of discipline. And of good manners. My job in this connection is one that isn't as easy as it sounds, for, like other mothers, some days I'm inclined to be too tired to be good company for Elaine, and other days I go overboard in indulging her every whim.

"I do think that mothers in America today are doing a fine job, however. They are not only more concerned than ever in raising well-mannered children but they are also able to bury their fears and do their work without complaint. I think all feel as I do that the children are a challenge to mothers, a challenge to their capabilities in meeting problems—alone—during a crisis. Mothers believe now that if they fall down on the job of raising a child, they are falling down on their husbands who are away fighting. No woman wants to feel that she is making that mistake, for every man believes that in his wife and baby lie the makings of the American home of tomorrow—the home for which our country is at war."

Veronica wasn't kidding when she told Paramount after she had finished "I Married A Witch" that she was going to come back to Hollywood only when she was absolutely needed.

"How can I be too much concerned about my pictures?" she asked. "My place now—when it's possible—is with my child and my husband. John and I always planned to be together while we could. Having Elaine has also made the few times that John and I have together more important because she has given us our first realization of what makes a happy, normal home. As a result, I have tried to devote as much time to being a wife as a mother. I think every woman believes in balancing the two jobs. And when she shows no favoritism—either to husband or child—I think that in these times especially, she will find that her husband will return this love more fully to both his wife and baby."

When I asked Veronica what she thought about the number of war babies being born, she thought for a moment and then replied, "I think it's a wonderful thing that so many babies are being brought into the world. Naturally, the question of having these babies should be given every thought. They should be given every advantage possible *after* they are born, and they shouldn't be brought into the world if conditions at home are unsatisfactory. No woman should consider only herself and have a child without first thinking if she can properly care for it. But I think, as a general rule, most young people are getting married today to get as much happiness as they can. And the motivating reason for having babies is that the wife feels she wants to have something of her happiness and that of her husband's to build her life around when he returns.

"That's how I feel. As long as I have Elaine, I have faith and courage. And I have no fears."

Jane Wyman is probably the most famous war mother in Hollywood because Maureen Elizabeth was born about two years ago. It was indeed a time when it took courage to bring a child into the world.

Jane knows from experience now how much her baby has meant to her. With Ronald Reagan away, she found exactly how important Maureen was to her and how necessary a child was to a mother whose husband is away at war.

"All the time Ronnie was away," Jane told me on the Warner Studio set of "Princess O'Rourke," "I would only have to look at Maureen and be reminded of him. In her I see so many of her father's traits. It is like seeing him in person. I hope all the countless women whose husbands are away at war have found as much comfort in their children as I have found in Maureen. I am sure that if I didn't have her, the time and gave her would be centered more or less on myself. This would tend to give an exaggerated importance to some of the problems with which we are all faced. While Ronnie is away I try to do all of the things I know he'd want me to do. With my war work and my other work, I am pretty busy. There too, the knowledge that I have a double responsibility to Maureen—of being both father and mother—has given me a *deeper* sense of responsibility. In doing all I can to bring Maureen up the way I think she should be brought up and the way I know Ronnie would want her raised, I also feel that I am doing something for him too.

"Having Maureen is like having a part of Ronnie here and that's a wonderful, comforting feeling when those lonesome hours that *all* women know creep in."

Jane has had to combat that loneliness probably more than any other Hollywood

war mother. And how she has discarded her fears is well worth passing on to other mothers.

"I try to put fear out of my mind. Fear of any sort is the root of many evils. I think it would be letting Ronnie down if I were to allow myself to become engulfed in fear. I think it would be cowardly and weak of me. I always like to think of Ronnie being away on a trip. Like a location trip. Only *this* location trip is on unlimited time and I can only look forward to his coming home without actually knowing the exact date.

"But I never for a moment think otherwise. My life, our way of living, the way we run our home—everything has continued in just the same way, except that I have cut corners financially a lot. I like to have everything fairly normal so that Ronnie can have a mental picture of the home and life going on in it as it was when he left. When he returns then, it's just picking up where we left off."

When I asked Jane what she thought about bringing babies into the world, she didn't fumble for an answer.

"As long as a child can be provided for, given a good home, good education, brought up with good health as a useful American citizen, there is *never* a wrong time to bring children into the world," Jane said positively. "Yet, if a family is destitute, if there is any hereditary illness in the background, it seems wrong to bring an innocent child into the world with three strikes against him. However, there are as many patterns to life as there are persons to fill those patterns. Who is there to say, who is there to have the divine right to say that it is either right or wrong for a child to be brought into the world at *any* time? A negative decision might rob the world of one of its greatest benefactors. Even in peace time the future isn't exactly secure.

"As to whether it's important to have babies *now especially,*" she went on, "that has to do with the individual and the individual's particular case. For example, if a man is going away to war, a woman might badly want to have his child left behind with her. But—she might not be in the necessary financial position. She might have to go right to work. Having a child would mean having someone to take care of it all day long, money for doctor bills, and other problems to settle. She'd have to make a fairly good salary to handle all this. Also—being away at work all day long would rob her of the job of being with the child. I know, because I'm away so much of the time myself. But, of course, in picture work you do have more time, as a rule, to be at home since it isn't *consistently* as confining as the jobs of other workers.

"On the other hand, I know of a couple who aren't in a position to have a child. She will have to go to work. But they think it is important for them to have a baby. 'It gives me that much more to fight for and look forward to coming back to,' he told me. She wants the child because it will be *his* child. All the love she has for him she can share with *his* child and that's all-important to her. So again I say, individuals must decide for themselves. If it's right—*really* right—it will work out. If I had it to do over, I wouldn't hesitate for a moment. The war has taught me how terribly precious a child is."

And there you have the ideas of three of Hollywood's most prominent war mothers. They aren't unlike you or you or you because they are in pictures. They have the same emotions, the same fears, the same hopes. They love their men as much as you love yours. And they have as many sacrifices to make, too. But they share with you the two predominating characteristics of all mothers of today—courage and faith. They will never lose either. Neither will *you!*

"Other Wives... *hear my story*"



HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband's love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .



2. My ticket back to Mother's was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn't bluff her. I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, "So often, my dear, a loving husband can't overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*).



3. "Many modern wives," she told me, "use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant." She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she advised. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.-343. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.





Here are scenes from "Silver Skates," Mono gram's big new production, showing, above and left, Belita, one of the world's greates figure skaters and Ice Follies star, who ha lead in skating sequences, with partner Eugene Turner; top left, Jo Ann Dean and George Stewart; top, Jo Ann with Shyrle Martinson

SCREEN-TOWN CHATTER

AMONG other things, gas rationing has launched the Hollywood good neighbor policy, and how! On Salt Air Avenue in Brentwood Heights live the Fred MacMurrays, the Gary Coopers, Cesar Romero and the Walter Langs. They can't drive to night clubs or theaters, so they take turns walking to each other's houses. Believe it or not, they carry their own sugar for after dinner coffee. On Sundays they pool their menu for the day and all eat together. Luckily for them in these times, that old one about "love thy neighbor" really pays off.

JUST to put a stop to the rumors once and for all, it's a wonder Linda Darnell doesn't marry either Alan Gordon (a press agent) or Pev Marley (a cameraman). Half her life is spent in denying these engagement rumors. Linda is getting awfully tired of it. Strangely enough, she'd like to get married and have a home of her own. Here's hoping she waits for the right man and doesn't allow Hollywood and annoying gossip to influence her. Personally, we think she'll wait.



POOR George Murphy is taking an awful ribbing from Bob Taylor. For his rôle in Bob's new picture, George had to let his beard grow. He did and a mighty growth it was, BUT—it came in grey! George, who is in his early thirties, has never had a grey hair to his name. Of course, on the screen you can't detect it. But Bob Taylor now refers to George as "Montey Woolley Murphy."

WHO is the handsome young man so often seen around with Jane Wyman? Everyone is asking and Jane says it's too silly a question to even answer. We'll answer for her, just to disappoint a certain few Hollywoodians who dote on dishing the dirt. The young man in question is Neil Reagan, brother of Jane's husband, Ronnie.

"Silver Skates," super screen ice show, has quite a gathering of skating cuties. Sorry we can't run all their photos, but Emily Smith, left and right, and Nancy Rush and Catherine Guy, below, give you an idea of what this skating movie offers besides Kenny Baker, Ted Fiorita's band, and Ellen Drew as heroine.



"MY MAN" should indeed be Alice Faye's theme song. She wasn't kidding when she said she was going to spend every possible spare moment at Phil Harris' side, regardless of where his band is playing. Alice has a fine nurse for the baby and she's planning to make fewer pictures, to give her more time with her Phil.

"I'M SORRY," said Betty Grable, "but I have to stay here behind the snack bar and serve." It was at the Hollywood Canteen. The soldier, who had asked Betty to dance, stared at her wistfully and didn't budge. "I guess you didn't understand," Betty repeated. "I'm not *allowed* to dance. I have to stay here and serve." The soldier continued to stare. "Oh, well," he sighed. "I can *dream*—can't I?"



TO HEAR Dennis Morgan tell it, it's really very funny. Recently, Franchot Tone called to tell Dennis that Mrs. Tone was giving a party. Dennis was just about to say that he'd be de-lighted to be there, when Franchot continued: "I was just wondering if you'd send over your little *boy* and *girl*." When Dennis recovered he learned that the party was being given for Mrs. Tone's *younger* sister! No wonder he was surprised.

WHEN a special delivery letter was handed to Bette Davis, she read it and then started to shriek. "What is it?" exclaimed her director, Vincent Sherman. "Another Academy award?" "Much better than that," Bette retorted, "I got a C book from the ration board!"



Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★



GRIP-TUTH, the modern Hairtainer—its spring teeth hold every type of hair-do in place.

Hairtainers give you that secure feeling. Especially good for defense workers whose loose strands of hair must be held in place. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores and chains. Card of two small, or card of one large retainer: 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 93

Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-backguarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

If You Suffer Distress From Monthly FEMALE WEAKNESS

And Want To Build Up Red Blood

If at such times *you* suffer pain, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances — start *at once* — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron)—so helpful to relieve such distress because of their soothing effect on *one of woman's most important organs.*

Taken regularly — Pinkham's help build up resistance against such symptoms. Also, their iron helps build up red blood. Follow label directions.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 853 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

MacMurray In A Hurray!

Continued from page 22

Gilded Lily." So I figured with a discounting estimate "everything happens to us."

They said they wanted an actor who didn't look and act like an actor at all. Someone right out of this world. Every agent in town brought in dozens of new faces. Some were very pretty faces, too. The director, the writer, the producer and the star, monuments of patience and strength, watched them all. Weeks later the four of them announced that they had picked the right man. They were joyous and exhausted. Then the right man arrived. He said his name was MacMurray. Fred. He picked up a magazine from my desk and went to the far corner of the room to sit. While trying to type I was distracted continuously by the right man not knowing what to do with his long legs. I had several good looks. He didn't look sensational. I thought he was anything but handsome. He looked like a big moose to me. His name went on the dotted line. They took his pictures. They sent out his history. They went so far as to say he was the find of the time. That was just before the picture started.

I was script-girl and it was my duty to say to the players: "Do you mind if I hear you with your lines?" It was then my duty to sit down and rehearse them until I thought they were ready to go before the director. The star of the picture was Claudette Colbert, a real honey. She is one of those people upon whom you can always depend to be letter perfect. I had no worry about her. And I was prepared to give the new find my undivided attention when I asked *him* if he knew his lines.

"SURE!" he barked and looked at me as if he wanted to punch me in the nose.

"Well, let's hear 'em."

"Okay," he barked with the same ferocity. "But let's get over there in the corner where nobody can hear us."

I became Miss Colbert "feeding" the new find the star's lines and he was his own natural self. My boss motioned to me and I hobbled over.

"How is he?" he asked.

"Terrible!"

The first few days passed only because we knew there would be a tomorrow and because we believed the find of the time was bound to lose his nervous fidgets *some time.*

Surely it had been meant to be kept a secret from the new find that he was not within the radius of their delighted expectations. But the feelings of those in charge were extraordinarily obvious and were dispatched in looks, weary shakes of heads, and in conferences behind various pieces of scenery and upholstery. The idea that money was adding up to production costs and that they of course would have to replace him and start all over from scratch was an aggravating prospect, since, during his short adventure with us, Mister MacMurray had won all of us on the set by his complete attitude of purpose and we were all pulling for him to the bitter end.

It was, finally, put up to the star. She said calmly, "Let's wait a little while longer." It seemed that Claudette Colbert, already such a brilliant star and fine actress, with the courage to sit there and watch and help a new leading man get broken in, was just wasting her time. But Miss Colbert happened to remember that she too had started once. And she held on.

The nerve-wracking part of it all was that he kept asking *me* to tell him the truth. How was he? He was rehearsing his lines one awful day when he asked simply, directly, and without effort for cheer, "Are they ALL as terrible as I am when they first start?" If anybody else ha had the audacity to refer to this earne person before me in just those painf words, I probably would have becom violent. Suddenly at that very moment became miserably indignant. I saw myse at the helm, steering all those boogey-me away. I developed the opinion that every body else was crazy. That he was super wonderful. It was a bad omen, people sai that right under the nose of such tormentin evidence, I should become *that* optimisti And, as I listened for flaws in the ne find's speeches, I realized that I was fa becoming the nervous wreck, while h amid the excitement and confusion doubts, had become calm, collected an convincingly natural—ON THE SCREEN

Came the ominous reaction. The le down. The star, the director, the produce all became ill. The new discovery didn collapse. He used the time out for stud Diligently, sincerely, he spent time wit the dramatic coach at the studio. He playe small parts in studio plays. They bolstere him by telling him to keep up the goo work—that he was improving some. Bu nobody wanted to spoil him by telling hi how really good he was. He went ahea with patient resolve. And with it all was th heartening surety that he would neve never be the type of actor who'd chew u the scenery, even as time went on. Whe the picture was previewed the audienc wanted to know who the new guy wa Natural as an old shoe, they said. "Giv us more pictures with a guy like that," the said. He was a whopper. Yes, he certainl was a winner! Oh, no, he wasn't. He was nervous wreck again, who the next da called me to get what he said was "th hideous report of last night."

They took more pictures of him. The sent out more history of him. They signe him for more years. When his picture cam to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, where he wa born, they put his name up in letters couple of feet high. They claimed him a their hero and devoted a section of the paper to him. They went to town an favored him with Fred MacMurray cap Fred MacMurray overalls, Fred MacMur ray gloves. He brought it all up to ou office and we handled it with affectiona interest. "Aren't you thrilled?" I kep screeching. "It shows you're a *success*- why, this is only the *beginning!*" Afte much argument I persuaded him to let m have the two pages of the ad framed fo his dressing room. It turned out a wonde ful, mighty, imposing wall piece. Sever years later I visited his dressing room. Th monument to fame was still in the plac he had put it. Under the sofa! "Sure I lik it—they were wonderful to do all that fo me," he said. "But how can a guy bra like that?" You know the story from ther He has gone a long way. The studio learne to hear the famous last words, quickly "We'll give you such and such if you'll le us have MacMurray for a picture."

I saw the first fan letter he ever re ceived. He was sitting in our office, his fe on my desk, and said pleasantly, "Oh, I go a fan letter today. That is, it says m *name,* but there *must* be some mistake."

"Probably," we all agreed, with ou tongues in our cheeks.

His pockets began to bulge with fa mail. When we stopped seeing them w asked, "What's the matter? No more le ters?"

"Aw, I just forget to bring them," h kept saying. What he didn't add was tha he'd have looked pretty silly carrying couple of barrels around since, in the shor

time, his fan letters outnumbered those of Gary Cooper, who had the highest rating at the studio. What before looked like a hurried and non-triumphant exit became a steady march to good work. It was during those first few pictures that the crew gave MacMurray to understand in no uncertain terms, that should he ever change and get grandly proud, or too big for his boots, we wouldn't be able to bear it.

At the start of the second picture with us, our Mister MacMurray revealed a huge talent for kidding. Should time have been permitted for research investigation, he probably would have been found down in the archives of history as the original who put tacks on teacher's seat. It would all start with a tickle on the ear, usually when there was a group of people close so that I'd hit every other one in the eye. Then he'd trip me with one of those gigantic feet and grab me just as I was about to land on the floor. This was usually at the moment the director was screaming for me to bring him the script. I would open the script. To the wrong place. Mr. MacMurray having taken care of that. Then the "right guy" would jump over and open the book to the proper place, having marked it with a stick of gum or a piece of candy which we would both grab for. He would then mumble in my ear, "My, MY, sis, you certainly are slipping!" I would swear to get even with him which led to me chasing him around the set—usually falling into somebody's lap or into an expensive prop. This went on during the entire six pictures we all did together. But I was fighting a losing battle. Because the crew was on his side!

He bought a dog for hunting. A beautiful animal that showed a marked interest in eating up his garden instead of following shots. So Fred decided to get rid of him. He asked me if I wanted him. He then asked a dozen other people the same thing. But it was no easy matter parting. The last I heard, the dog was still with him.

The day before Christmas Mr. MacMurray came up to our office and announced in a detached sort of way, "I have brought you a present."

"Where is it?"

"Now, wouldn't I look silly lugging it up here?" he blustered. "It's in the car, of course. Come on, let's go over and get it." He yanked my arm. In the parking station Mr. MacMurray unlocked his car. But we didn't find the present. Because he had forgotten to bring it. "I could send it over," he said, "but I want to give it to you, myself— I'll bring it tomorrow."

Lillian, Fred's lovely wife, came up to visit us on location where we were making another picture. It was the Easter following that Christmas. She brought with her the present. "For heaven's sakes, Fred, give it to her. Yourself. Now. Before you lose it again," she said.

"Lily," he said, in a conference that went on directly over my head as if I was the little girl who wasn't there, "let's go buy some Easter flowers and pin them on the Christmas present." And only because Lily was there to carry out the threat did it happen just that quickly.

The other day when somebody said, "I like the MacMurray type best, what about you?" I realized that I hadn't seen that big lovable moose for some time. I called him up. "Can I come over to see you?"

"Sure!"

I arrived on the set and waited until he finished a scene with Rosalind Russell and I understood all over again why they say he can steal a scene right out if he wants to. If I had taken up the matter with Fred, he would, of course, have said I only listened to such talk because I am prejudiced.

"I have been very lonesome for you," I started.

Imagine ME *leading a double life!*



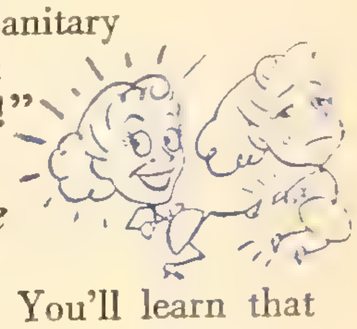
Ever have days when you wish you could run away from your other self?

For weeks you go along singing, smiling and working like a soldier. There's lots to be done—at school and the Canteen . . . at home, where you've taken over K. P. for Mom. Later at Service Dances where you're a regular, you look all crisp and shining.

Then there's that Double—your other self. Telling you that you *can't* keep going! Your confidence does a dim-out and you call Peg to make excuses for tonight.

"I know everyone's counting on me," you begin. "But what can I do?"

Peg tells you straight! It's *comfort* that makes the difference! You'll never know how big a difference until you try Kotex sanitary napkins. And she adds brightly: "Don't forget—8 o'clock sharp!"



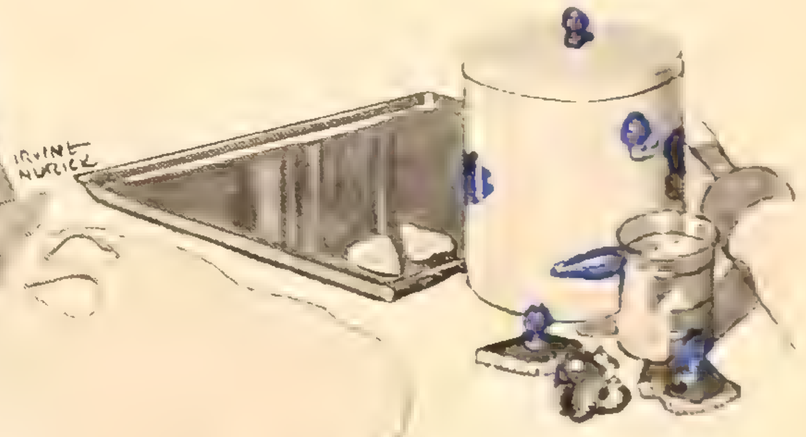
Banish that Double

Is it worth a try? And how! You'll learn that Kotex is more comfortable—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now your confidence never misses a beat. Because Kotex has those patented improvements no other pad can offer! Like the 4-ply double-duty safety center. And the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show because they're not stubby.

From now on you can be at your best *every day* of the month! That's why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!





"AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER" is a swell booklet that explains a girl's private life...gives tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . do's and don't's for "those days." Quick send your name and address on a postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-3, Chicago, for your copy. It's FREE!

Keep going in comfort —with Kotex!



(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



"Keep your hair shining, sparkling—the way HE loves to see it. How? By using Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo! Why don't you try it tonight?



"Now! Has your hair ever looked lovelier? Look at all those glowing highlights—and the *new,* richer tone in your hair. Colorinse has rinsed away the dull, drab soap film—made your hair softer, silkier, too. Colorinse isn't a permanent dye or a bleach. And—it won't rub off! It's there to stay—'till your next shampoo.



"Here's a glamour tip you'll want to know. *For lovelier hair, use Nestle Shampoo,* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing.*"

P.S. ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A BEAUTIFUL NESTLE OPALESCENT PERMANENT WAVE

Nestle
COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores and drug stores

He surveyed me with narrowing eyes that implied I had told a fine fib. "Now, don't give me that lonesome business," he said. "You know you just came over to 'pump' me—you're a writer now! But you already know the story of my life. And my, hasn't it been dull!"

He was, as usual in somebody else's chair—not knowing what to do with his feet. Pretty soon they were across my lap. He had just added to the numerous worries of the script-girl by betting with her that he had carried the cigarette in his right hand instead of his left. He had his fist out for the quarter they had put up. She paid off. Then he looked slyly at me, "Remember?"

Oh, yes, I remembered. It was then I had discovered MacMurray's amazing faculty for knowing detail. I had instructed him to enter the room with an envelope open, while he insisted it had been closed. The director compromised and took the scene both ways. Although MacMurray usually did not stay with us to see the day's work on the screen, he was there that night, tired but brightly waiting to see the outcome. Sadly, I lost. I handed him the quarter. "Oh, no!" he said. He made me give him the quarter the following day in the presence of the entire troupe. Thereafter whenever the director would check with me on positions of props, Mr. MacMurray, with ears out, would pop up from nowhere and bounce the quarter up and down in the palm of his hand and say, slyly, *"Remember,* honey?"

He is trying not to be a too-enthusiastic father, but he was pretty proud that that morning he and his wife had taken their little daughter, Susan Carole, two and a half years old, with them to see a friend off at the air port. They stopped for breakfast. It was Susan Carole's first introduction to dining out. "I must say," the very young lady's father said, with a vigorous nod of his head, "that she behaved *very* well." Of course you know he couldn't be prejudiced a bit when he tells you that not even when she was a few days old and just that big, did Susan cry like other babies cry. "She was always quite remarkable in things like that," he assures you.

MacMurray is as he looks—steady, sincere. No more handsome than that first time I saw him. And real. That he should have risen so consistently has been a big pride to us. And when, at another studio, we had a story that was right up his alley, his studio said they regretted, but their man would be busy—he was booked ahead for the next two years—we said, *"Nobody* could be *that* good." Oh, no? Lately his contract has given him time between pictures and he likes to squeeze time in for hunting, fishing and tooling leather.

Best of all, MacMurray is still not overpowered by his success. There has never been the time when he has ever tried to give anybody the impression that he has the world by the tail. His dressing room on the set is still his make-up kit. His ninety-five cent kit finally fell apart after six years of faithful service. His wife replaced this with a fine, handsome one. "It took me some time to get used to such a fancy one," he says. He still gobbles his doughnut and coffee on the set at the stroke of nine in the morning as he slaps light make-up on his face. Also during this he will be going over his lines to himself. Mostly out loud. He *is* something to see. He will be in the lights before you can blink an eye and he'll be saying, with his customary twinkle, *"I'm* ready! Where is everybody?!"

His fans still say, "Let's have more pictures with MacMurray." They tell him so in letters. He reads them himself. With all the things changing so rapidly there's one thing none of us need worry about. MacMurray. You can bet he won't change!



First picture of the four young men snatched from obscurity by producer Sol Lesser to play the leading romantic rôles in the movie, "Stage Door Canteen," in which forty of the most famous stars of the entertainment world play in their support. Lon McAllister, William Terry, Fred Brady and Michael Harrison make up the happy foursome.

She's the Soldiers' Sweetheart!

Continued from page 25

sponsibility of looking after Dinah. Betty is now married to an Army doctor and has a little girl with beautiful blonde curls and a little boy named Petey, who is two years old, and takes special delight in breaking off the handles of Aunt Dinah's silver cups. What Petey could do to an "Oscar!" Dinah's childhood was just like any other normal little girl's childhood. A high spot of it was when she wore her first grown-up dress and appeared as the Japanese ambassador's wife in a Tom Thumb wedding. "I'll never forgive them for making me the Japanese ambassador's wife," she says. Her father, the proprietor of a chain of department stores in Tennessee, was eager that she go to Vanderbilt University and become a social worker. At Vanderbilt she discovered she had a voice people liked and she soon became the leading light of the college glee club. When her voice suddenly changed from soprano to contralto she was quite annoyed. "I think it was due to cheer-leading at football games."

Between her junior and senior years at Vanderbilt she spent a summer in New York. She decided then and there that she wanted to be a singer, come what may. "Daddy said if I'd come back to Nashville and finish college he'd let me go back to New York the following year, if I still wanted to. I still wanted to, all right!"

Dinah descended upon New York in 1938. No one was impressed. The best job she could land was as an unpaid singer on a local radio station. For two years she sang for free on unsponsored programs. "I had a roommate who was always getting invited out to dinner. How I envied her! Nobody ever invited *me* out. I almost got out of the habit of eating for a whole year. I guess that's the reason I enjoy eating so much now." She didn't want to appeal to her father, for fear he'd tell her to come home, so Dinah's eyes got bigger and bigger, and her waistline thinner and thinner.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten black New Year's Eve. An agency had told Dinah that she could make $25 by singing at a special entertainment, so Dinah recklessly spent her last dime on the bus to get back to her apartment to dress up. But when she got there she found a message saying the engagement had been canceled. When the bells began to ring joyously for New Year's Dinah began to bawl. It was all too much to bear. On an empty stomach. "I called Daddy collect and told him I was ready to come home. As a singer I was a flop. If he'd send me the money I'd come home and be a social worker."

But Dinah has a very understanding father. He sent the money all right, but he also told her that he was convinced she'd make a better singer than a social worker, and she'd better try again.

After that, things started jumping for Dinah. And they've been jumping ever since. NBC hired her ("I nearly fainted when I saw real money") as jive diva on its Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street program—and when Dinah's torchy voice lit into *le jazz hot*, believe me, people turned up their radios. Then "Mr." Cantor hired her for his radio program. (She's still under contract to Mr. Cantor.) She recorded *Yes, My Darling Daughter* which promptly sold half a million copies. The swanky Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf Astoria signed her to sing for their smart guests. What with phonograph records, juke boxes, radio,



BUT—these charms may be wasted if she uses the *WRONG DEODORANT*



EFFECTIVE: Stops perspiration moisture *and* odor by effective pore inactivation.

LASTING: Keeps underarms *sweet and dry* up to 3 days.

GENTLE: Non-irritating—contains soothing emollients . . . it's skin-safe, after-shaving safe.

QUICK: No waiting to dry. Pat on, wipe off excess, and dress. No worry about damage to clothing.

DELIGHTFUL: Whipped cream smooth—flower fragrant—white and stainless. The loveliest way to end perspiration troubles.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY: Gives you 50% more for your money than other leading deodorant creams.

NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Is Joan Crawford a Good Housekeeper?

"Superb, supreme, the best," says her husband, Phillip Terry. But let her tell you how she combines glamour and dish-washing in another great SILVER SCREEN article. You'll thrill to her description of a servantless, rationed, war-minded Hollywood in the big

March issue of

SILVER SCREEN

Get your copy today. *Only 15 cents at your favorite newsstand.*

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women $3.50

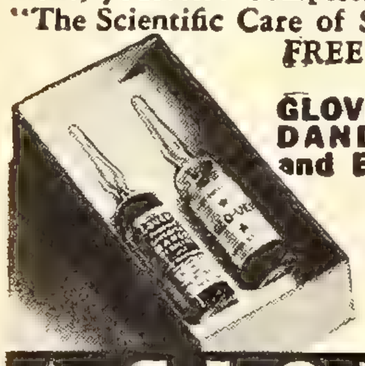
At Drug Counters Throughout the World

FREE BOOKLET - The Marvel Co., 433 East St., New Haven, Conn.



HOLLYWOOD teaches you to look lovelier with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Send today for this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles. Test the Glover's Medicinal Treatment, yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!



GLOVER'S, with massage, for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

★ GLOVER'S ★

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 663, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.
Name.....
Address.....

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES SELLING EYE GLASSES BY MAIL

GLASSES as LOW as $1.95 PAIR



16 DAYS TRIAL

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

SEND NO MONEY Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW PRICES

BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO.
537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. SU-3 Chicago, Ill.

★SONG POEMS WANTED
To Be Set to Music

★Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE.
★FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 605 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"
Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

night clubs, and now the movies, Dinah is right up there in Big Business.

It was while she was singing at the Wedgwood Room that one of Dinah's dreams came true. "When I was a child, and later when I was at Vanderbilt, I used to day-dream a lot. I always saw myself being utterly charming and too, too beautiful in a white fox coat. Someday, I used to sigh, I'll buy my dream coat. One afternoon when I had finished a rehearsal at the Wedgwood Room a salesman came up to me with the most beautiful white fox coat across his arm I have ever seen. It simply took my breath away. 'I don't want you to buy it, Miss Shore,' he said smoothly. 'I just wanted to show it to you. Would you like to try it on? My, my, it fits perfectly! I have a client who is most eager to buy it at once, but if you have a special date tonight I don't mind your keeping it overnight and wearing it.'"

Dinah said yes, she did have a special date, and she took it to the apartment and showed it to sister Betty. Betty said, "It's sort of impractical, isn't it?" Dinah said yes, but not to worry because she had only borrowed it for the night and back it would go tomorrow. And then her "date" arrived, took one look at Dinah in her white fox and exclaimed, "Dinah Shore, in that coat you are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!" "Why, I'm so glad you like it," said Dinah demurely, and added, with a side glance at sister Betty, "I just bought it today."

The "dream coat" was stolen from Dinah's Hollywood apartment two weeks ago. She wasn't too upset. White fox is too impractical, and much too frivolous for these serious times.

Dinah's ambition is "to be a normal girl." She is very suspicious of phonys. "I can't stand people who don't talk straight.' And most wary of Hollywood. "I keep telling myself not to believe any of this. Hollywood will never turn me into a glamor girl." Her great "enthusiasm" (second only to Mr. Crosby) is the armed forces. And the armed forces, as you well know, are equally enthusiastic about Dinah. She has been elected the "Sweetheart" of more camps than she can keep count of—and she is prouder of this honor than any bestowed upon her. She'd cut her tongue out before she'd refuse to sing for a soldier. Several nights a week she sings at the Hollywood Canteen, where the boys gather around and ask for their favorites. Sundays and holidays always find her visiting a nearby camp. Dinah feels that singing to the soldiers is her part toward the war effort.

All young soldiers, it seems, are in love with Dinah Shore. One reason is, perhaps, that she is around their own age. Also, she is one of the few singers they actually know. When Dinah has finished singing at a camp she doesn't whisk herself off home, or to an officers' club. She greets the boys personally, "My name's Dinah, what's yours?" She eats with them in their mess hall, she talks with them, dances with them, and takes messages to their girls back in town. "No soldier has ever said anything off-color in front of me. We girls who aren't beautiful have an advantage over the girls who are. The boys don't consider us out of their reach. The boys are never in awe of me. They always call me Dinah—and I like it very much."

Dinah has a way of singing that makes each soldier think that she is singing to him, and to him alone. And naturally that goes over big with the boys. They like that torchy "intimacy" in her voice. It makes their toes curl. They like to feel that they're the one. When she sings Cole Porter's *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To* every soldier is under the illusion that she is singing it to him alone.

When I asked Dinah how she got that



Betty Grable and George Montgomery in a romantic scene from their co-starring film about the famous resort, "Coney Island."

intimate quality in her voice that causes all males to fall in love with her, she explained, "I just relax. I stand there at the microphone and I slip off my shoes so I'll be perfectly comfortable. I cross my fingers, I close my eyes, and I think of somebody I love very much. Maybe my Daddy, maybe Petey."

"Sometimes," I suggested, "don't you think of Jimmy Stewart?"

Dinah blushed right up to the roots of her hair, and I want to state here and now it was refreshing to see someone in Hollywood blush. "Lieutenant Stewart and I aren't having a romance," she said. "I date him when he's in Hollywood, but it isn't a romance. It's a friendship. Hollywood is so silly. Just because you date a man doesn't mean you're having a romance with him."

Dinah met Jimmy Stewart (Lieutenant Stewart to Dinah) when they both did a broadcast. A week later when she was leaving the broadcasting station in New York a messenger boy handed her a wire—it was from Jimmy telling her how much he liked the song she sang that night. After that it was wires and more wires. When Dinah sings *Jim,* one of her favorites, I just bet she isn't thinking of Petey.

Recently, Dinah has been having a "friendship" with tall, blond and handsome George Montgomery. It's a Hollywood Canteen friendship. Seems that George was bus-boy at the Canteen one night when Dinah sang there. Between songs George was introduced. He asked to take her to the Brown Derby for a bite after the show. Ever since then Mr. Montgomery has found it convenient to do his bus-boy chores on the nights that Dinah sings.

The other day she and George were standing on the busy corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard, waiting for George's sister to finish her shopping. A bunch of kids recognized George and descended upon him for autographs. One little girl, who never takes a chance on missing anything, asked for Dinah's too, but paid no attention when she wrote it down. The kids were halfway down the block when the little girl suddenly looked at her autograph book and shrieked, "Dinah Shore! It's Dinah Shore!" There was quite a commotion after that. Even a few salesgirls from the Broadway store joined in the excitement.

"What's the matter with me?" said Dinah. "Nobody ever turns an eye at me until they know it's me!"

"Mr." Warner Brothers will attend to that, Dinah.

He Hurls Laugh Bombs!

Continued from page 31

never realize they're poor sports. But not the boys in uniform. Although they're playing the greatest game in life, with all their cards on the table, they never let you know it—that would spoil the game. Wherever you go you hear their laughter, and that's the finest battle-cry ever raised."

Something told me Jack was thinking of joining up. "Well," he admitted, "I see guys leaving the studio every day, and it makes me want to go along with them. With me, it would mean leaving pictures for good. I've got a one-track mind. If I went into the Army and came out in one piece I'd go into a different kind of business. So far as that's concerned, I'd probably have to by that time. The motion picture business changes every day, and the chances are I'd find it had passed me by. But the only thing that's worrying me now is how we're going to keep up the fun that's so needed today. Humor is more valuable these days than it has ever been in this country."

As to the war work he was doing aside from entertaining, Jack was proud to say: "You oughta see me at the Hollywood Canteen! I'm a bus-boy there. I suppose the boys are disappointed because I'm not Betty Grable or Gene Tierney or Lana Turner, but just the same they ask for my autograph. The other night I wrote my John Henry something like fifty times, which is really something for a guy who is definitely not on the glamor side. So far, as I'm not such a hot bus-boy, I hadn't done very well there. There's a rule that you have to replace all the dishes you break, and already that had cost me $8.95. But, anyhow, I said to myself, 'Oakie, old boy, here's where you economize. You can snitch a sandwich at the Canteen.' My mistake. I carried at least a thousand sandwiches to other guys that night, but I never did get one myself. Uncle Sam's boys sure do eat. But that's fine, and I'm all for it, even if I do fall away to just a few hundred pounds."

As he took a notch in his belt, I fell to brooding over his earlier statement that if he went away to war and came back from it he would go into another walk of life. It was impossible to imagine him in anything but acting. What, for instance? To be sure, he long had been Mayor of Encino, and an even more brilliant political career might stretch before him. Or the great business world might open wide its door to him. But, somehow, I couldn't see him as, say, a noiseless soup tycoon. Doubtless he would hate to be shut up in an office. It seems he has suffered from claustrophobia ever since that day when, as a blue-eyed, golden-haired child, he accidentally locked himself in the jam closet. Far better that he be a man of the open. Perhaps his field would prove to be the green field of alfalfa. Besides getting a ride, he would look well on a truckload of the stuff and balance it nicely. Yes, that might turn out to be it—Jack Oakie, the Alfalfa King.

Meanwhile, the air-conditioned comedian wasn't thinking my way. He was engrossed in the subject always nearest his heart, humor, and the immediate problem of keeping the gag flying.

"Y'know," Oakie assured me. "I wish Rogers were alive. We haven't one outstanding wit like him. Will Rogers would have been dynamite to the enemy. That's one reason why I believe in hurling laugh bombs."



fascinating
Captivating
GLAMOROUS...

...that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM ... choose the type you prefer. MINER'S makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh — all day long. Try your favorite today ... in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10¢ to $1.00.

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP



MINER'S Foundation CREAM with LANOLIN



MINER'S Patti-Pac CAKE MAKE-UP

MINER'S
Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

HANDS CHAPPED?

HERE'S NOT ONLY SOOTHING RELIEF—BUT FASTER HEALING



Housework often causes red, chapped hands. Help protect and heal them with Noxzema.



Men—Don't let chapped, irritated skin make work miserable. Here's quick relief.





Watch children smile with relief when soothing Noxzema is applied to tender, chapped skin.

Clinical Tests Show Quick Results!

● If your hands are badly chapped, do as scores of Doctors and Nurses do—use Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream—it contains soothing medicinal ingredients that aid in healing tiny skin cracks. It helps soften and smooth skin — helps restore normal white loveliness to red, rough, irritated chapped hands. Scientific clinical experiments show how fast it works—a definite improvement often seen overnight! Noxzema is greaseless—non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters. Get a jar *today!* 35¢, 50¢, $1.00.



TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

PINS RINGS

FOR YOUR CLUB!

Beautifully Styled-Low Prices!

Make your members more conscious of their membership. Write for free catalog. Shows 300 styles, sterling and gold plate on sterling. Choose a design suitable for your group. No order too small. Quality leader for 48 years.

BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 76, Rochester, N. Y.

SALE ON BOOKS

HOW would you like to read 52 outstanding books every year FREE?

In Liberty Magazine each week there is included a condensed version of a popular best-seller. Many of the talked-about books—novels, mystery stories, non-fiction—appear in Liberty week by week.

These are abridged right from the original version. Nothing is lost in the process. All the drama, emotion, action and suspense are retained.

These books come to you *free* in Liberty, in addition to a full menu of short stories, serials, articles, verse, departments and cartoons. There is no advance in price.

Don't take a chance on missing one of these great books or a single issue of the new, bigger and better Liberty. Have it delivered to your home by U. S. Mail.

To new subscribers who act promptly we are making a special offer—the next 20 issues for only $1.00. Send the coupon today and get 20 big books in condensed form as part of the new Liberty Magazine.

LIBERTY, Box SC-3
205 E. 42 Street
New York City

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Jean Rogers believes that half the fun of getting up a party is making your table attractive. Left, Jean is lighting the candles for her buffet supper, and on opposite page she is shown sipping coffee.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

FISH CHEESE DISH

Two filets of flounder (skinned on both sides). In a large skillet put ⅛ cup cream or top milk, salt, pepper and one bay leaf, cook over low flame from 5 to 7 minutes. Remove fish into shallow pan. Now thicken gravy in skillet with teaspoon of flour, add cooking sherry to taste. Pour over fish, sprinkle with Kraft Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler till golden brown, which will be in 3 or 4 minutes.

"Mother's fish steak and onions must be tasted to be appreciated. For this, we use mackerel, which is cut into portions. Put as many sliced onions as you need for your dinner into very hot oil; let them cook slowly enough to cook through and brown. Remove from fire and make a border of them on a hot platter, which you keep hot while preparing the fish. Use salt and pepper on your mackerel, nothing else. Put the fish, flesh down, in your onion pan for only a minute. Turn it skin side down for 3 minutes. Turn it again on the flesh side and finish cooking. It will be a rich brown and have a wonderful flavor."

Vegetables and salad expect to star on any meatless menu, and Jean makes colorful pictures of the platters on her buffet table. Today she had a cauliflower in Hollandaise sauce set in the center of a huge divided platter, other divisions filled with diced carrots, diced beets, string beans, red kidney beans, and corn, with quarters of fresh tomato in between.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Place in double-boiler 6 tablespoons butter (or butter substitute) and 2 egg yolks and stir briskly until butter is dissolved. Add 1 tablespoon flour, juice of ½ lemon, 1 cup milk and season with nutmeg, pepper and salt.

Stir constantly until sauce is as thick as custard.

Rolls, celery and olives have places on Jean's buffet and her salad bowl contains romaine, celery, radishes, green peppers, tomato, slivers of cole-slaw and sliced hard-cooked egg. Jean has an unusual French dressing for this salad. She has found it so popular that she keeps a jar of it in her refrigerator. I think you will find it interesting.

FRESH SALAD DRESSING

1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 cans Wesson Salad Oil (measure from soup can)
1 can vinegar (measure from same can)
½ cup sugar
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch of Gulden's Mustard
Dash of Worcestershire Sauce

Put an onion at bottom of jar and add entire mixture.

"When serving a meatless meal, it's always wise to concentrate strongly on desserts," said the young leading lady of "Mr. Justice Goes Hunting," the M-G-M picture.

"Mother and I never use up our sugar rations, since neither of us take sugar in tea or coffee and we seldom have desserts for ourselves, except for fresh fruits or sherbet. If you use as little sweetening as we do, you'll have plenty of the precious stuff for your parties.

"For a big party, I like to serve a variety of desserts. Tonight we have apple pie with

cheese, apple strudel, a good coffee cake and some of our favorite lemon cheese cakes.

"The lemon cheese recipe is an English one; in spite of its name it contains no cheese! The 'cakes' are really tarts, but you can use this filling also between layers of white or sponge cake. Double this recipe if you are serving more people, or halve it if your group is small. The mixture can be made up and kept in the refrigerator until you wish to use it.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE

Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons
2 to 3 ounces of butter (or butter substitute)
¾ cup sugar
2 beaten eggs

Blend together, put in pan and stir continuously over low heat until it boils and thickens.

COFFEE CAKE

2 tablespoons Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 egg
¾ cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon Burnett's vanilla

Cream Crisco and sugar, add beaten egg yolk and sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Spread ½ mixture in deep greased pie-tin.

FILLING

½ cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup walnuts
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons Crisco

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and spread ½ over the batter in the pie-tin. Add the rest of the cake batter and spread remainder of filling over the top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) from 45 to 60 minutes.

The recipe for Shropshire Apple Johns is less well-known than that for the Apple Strudel Jean served, so she gives you this:

SHROPSHIRE APPLE JOHNS

4 good cooking apples
1½ cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup Crisco
4 cloves
Honey
Butter

Peel and core the apples. Sift dry ingredients together. Work in Crisco until a fine crumb. Gradually add water to make a stiff dough. Roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Divide pastry into 4 squares, place an apple in center of each, fill cavity left by removing core with honey, 1 clove and dab of butter. Wet the corners of the pastry and pinch together. Bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with cream and brown sugar.

In spite of her demurely simple hostess gown of blue-gray and the ribbon bow in her blonde hair, Jean Rogers looks what she is, a charming sophisticate. Her house suits her—nothing of the little red-riding-hut or French pastry villa about the dwelling of M-G-M's young actress.

In the newer section of Beverly Hills, her California modern house opens on a glassed-in patio so that even in cool weather Jean can enjoy her sheltered terrace. There's a water-lily pond in the center of the patio, very decorative when the lilies are in bloom.

"But what a hazard to strangers in the dim-out!" laughed Jean. "We used to have the patio lamps lit every night, but now that no lights may be shown, people are always blundering into our pond on moonless evenings. I'm thinking of having it outlined in phosphorescent paint."

Jean and her mother coveted the house for a year before they actually moved in.







Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. E-22, Chicago.



DESIRE DROPS

Be irresistibly alluring with the lingering enchantment of this fascinating perfume. One drop lingers lovingly for hours . . . beckons to romance like an undeniable flame. Full size bottle 98c prepaid or $1.30 C.O.D. Directions FREE. One bottle FREE if two are ordered. Sent in sealed plain wrapper.
BULCO, Inc., Dept. 105-C, Box 336, Times Sq. Sta., New York.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address.
Frontier Asthma Co. 288-K Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street Buffalo, New York



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WORLD'S LARGEST DENTAL PLATE MAKERS
FALSE TEETH • by Mail



with MONEY-BACK Guarantee of Satisfaction
$7.95 to $35



Made for you from your own mouth impres'n!

SEND NO MONEY!

on 60 DAYS' TRIAL



FREE IMPRESSION Material, Catalog, etc. Act Today!

UNITED STATES DENTAL CO.
1555 MILWAUKEE AVE., DEPT. 3-109, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



PSORIASIS SUFFERERS

GOOD NEWS! Our exclusively NEW METHODS of EXTERNAL APPLICATION of "EN-EX" makes it possible for you to have a NORMAL APPEARING SKIN! Use "EN-EX" (a liquid) for 30 days! Just brush it on. Progress shown **Day by Day** or **Money Back.** (No "reasons." Nothing to return) in 30 days. Hundreds have succeeded. **WHY NOT YOU?**

Free Booklet—Curious facts about Psoriasis, etc., that every sufferer should know, sent with first order.

$1.00 Bottle — NO STAIN. NOT GREASY. ENOUGH IN MANY CASES.

Send currency or M. O. or sent C. O. D. "EN-EX" Co., 676 Society for Savings Bldg., Cleveland, O. WRITE TODAY!!

Good News for Colon Sufferers

FREE BOOK—On Causes And Related Ailments

The McCleary Clinic, H388 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute, 122-page book on Colon Disorders, Piles, Constipation and commonly associated chronic ailments. The book is illustrated with charts, diagrams and X-ray pictures of these ailments. Write today—a postcard will do—to above address and this large book will be sent you FREE and postpaid.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

"The first time I saw it, I knew I wanted it, but I was too cautious," confessed Jean. "I said I'd think it over, and next day when I went over to claim it, some less cautious soul had snapped it up. This time, Mother had a hunch it might be available again. Don't know what she based the hunch on, but we drove over and there it was! We didn't stop to think twice, and are glad we didn't."

The house is light and bright even on dull days. Jean uses soft colors in her living room ranging from blues and wines to a cheerful yellow. There's a tapestry paper in her dining room that makes an effective background for her mahogany furniture.

Before the war, when they lived in Boston, Jean's mother used to make frequent trips abroad, most often to her home country of Sweden, returning with treasures of linen and glass, some of which Jean is now using.

The kitchen is spotlessly white with crimson touches in knobs and handles of stoves, refrigerator, drawers and closet doors. There are red seats on the chairs that surround the glass breakfast table, and red and white curtains at the windows.

The den is done in old blue and yellow and overflows with books. A curving white stair leads to the bedrooms above—altogether a most compact and livable house.

A good hostess puts thought into entertaining her guests, unless she is inviting those few intimates who prefer conversation to games, or who insist on playing bridge. Jean has ideas for games in reserve and brings them out as occasion demands.

"I collect games the way some people collect stamps," she remarked. "The other night we played *'Psychic'* at a friend's house and had so much fun with it that I intend to try it soon. This game calls for special planning. You decide on the victim early in the evening and pretend at once to find her psychic. 'Oh my dear, that's *exactly* what I was going to say! You must be psychic!' 'Why, how did you know I liked Bach—or Steinbeck—or blue plums—or whatever is mentioned? I'd swear you're psychic!' 'My dear, you look psychic tonight. I notice people with psychic powers often wear blue—or whatever she has on.' And so on.

"When you are ready to play the game, you say: 'Darling, I'm going to prove to you that you're psychic. Leave the room while we select an object in it. We'll all concentrate as hard as we can on it and you will be able to tell us what we're thinking of when you come back.'

"'Darling' leaves the room. The rest decide that whatever she mentions second will be the object. When she returns, she says (for instance): 'Is it the lamp?' You say: 'Not quite, but you're warm. Let's all concentrate harder!' She picks out something else and whatever it is you all exclaim: 'But how did you *know?*' 'There—you *are* psychic—what did I tell you?' etc. She is sent out to see if she can do it again. This keeps up until she catches on or the crowd gives it away. It's really terribly amusing, except to the victim."

For a young crowd that likes to laugh, 'Musical Cup' is a less boisterous version of the old favorite 'Musical Chairs.' A cup and saucer is passed from hand to hand as music is played. Whenever the music stops, the one holding the cup is out of the game, the object being to stay in the game to the end.

"Quotations" is another game popular with Jean's guests. For this, each guest thinks of a quotation and draws his conception of it on a sheet of paper. Then the drawings are exhibited and a prize won by the person guessing the most quotations. A sample quotation might be: "How far that little candle throws its beams"—or "Even your best friend won't tell you."

WINNERS of the JANE WITHERS PRIZE CONTEST!

To the six prize-winners, hearty congratulations. To all the other contestants, sincere thanks for your frank and charming contributions from Jane Withers herself, Republic Pictures, producers of Jane's picture, "Johnny Doughboy," and the Editor of this magazine. Most letters were overwhelmingly in favor of casting Jane in more "grown-up" rôles.

FIRST PRIZE-WINNER: ("Irish Colleen" costume):
Marilyn DeWolf, 35 Dodge Avenue, East Haven, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE-WINNER: (Jane's favorite dress):
Susie Russo, 101 Jackson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE-WINNER: (Accessory set; bag, mittens, "beanie"):
"Jimmy" Crampton, 629 Columbia St., Council Grove, Kansas.

FOURTH, FIFTH, and SIXTH PRIZE-WINNERS: (shoulder-strap bags):

Catherine Ward, 124 Park Avenue, Prescott, Arizona.
Geraldine Matthews, 144 Pearl St., Portland, Maine.
Eva Berube, 26 Daniels St., Salem, Mass.

Boyer's Double Life!

Continued from page 29

and become a producer. It was a release for theories gathered in his noggin for the last couple of decades.

It has been said of Boyer by those who should know that had he not become an actor, he would have been one of the greatest of directors, but he is inclined to question this. The women, he says, would have defeated him. He never would have been able to direct women. The answer to this, of course, is "Haw!"

Boyer, *pere,* was a comfortably fixed machinery dealer back in Figeac. He also was deeply attached to his artistic son and when Charles began brooding over the restrictions of a comparatively rural environment, Boyer, *pere,* turned one of his storage houses over to his son and invited him to convert it into his own theater. Charles designed the interior, built the sets, with the aid of his young pals, selected the plays and players and directed the output. In the beginning, he attempted, naïvely, to confine the casts to male players, but finding that production, and popularity, would be seriously curtailed if this system were pursued to the bitter end, he capitulated and took in some girls.

At that time he was more interested in directing and producing than in acting, but it soon became obvious that he would have to act, too. It was after he began regularly treading the boards of the Theater du Boyer that the custom at the box office ceased to be confined strictly to youth, but showed a gratifying sprinkling of adults. With the quickening of grown-up interest, Charles appropriately increased prices and, to his sincere astonishment, the adventure proved a fiscal bonanza.

The Theater du Boyer reached its greatest peak of usefulness immediately after the first World War when the youthful impresario, touched by the plight of Belgian refugees marooned in France without means of supporting themselves or returning to their homeland, decided to turn his gold mine over to them. He staged a series of plays which ran over a period of several months and turned the entire proceeds over to the unfortunate neighbors. So considerable had the fame of his enterprise become that he raised a huge sum and earned an official note of gratitude from the late King Albert of Belgium.

If the enterprise brought relief to a suffering group of people, it brought fame to an individual. Boyer became a sort of Gallic Orson Welles, a white hope of the French theater. Had it not been for the fatal habit of women of making a fuss over him, he might have gone on to empyrean heights as a producer and the savior of the French theater. As it turned out, he was not allowed to produce, once he made the inevitable trek to Paris, but was virtually hurled into acting and sedulously kept there.

After several minor rôles, during which his progress was watched with extraordinary care by himself, Boyer suddenly became a Parisian sensation. In him the women of France, and the visiting school teachers, seamstresses and librarians, had discovered that intangible something that later was to make him one of the highest paid movie stars in Hollywood. One never has to hit a Frenchman in the back of the head with a bung starter to call his attention to a good thing when it shows up, begging to be exploited, and within a very few weeks producers of standing and importance were deluging him with plays.

In spite of his shyness, Charles was never distinguished by his stupidity. He realized that, whether he exactly approved of himself or not, he had something marketable. He also sensed that it was an extremely delicate something and that it would have to be handled with extreme care. Woman appeal is a quality that can be strangled in exploitation with practically no effort at all and Boyer proposed to make sure he made the most of whatever it was he had. His first step in protecting his talent was to select the right vehicle for its expression.

The result of this profound thinking was a play called "L'Insoumise." Boyer didn't write it, but he had a hand in its preparation and when it was ready for presentation, he was ready for the big money and permanent recognition. The play proved to be both a drawing room and bank vault sensation and almost immediately the French cinema began making advances to the young man from Figeac. Highly susceptible to the attraction of money, Boyer began making French pictures and soon his abilities had attracted Hollywood's interest and he was definitely on his way to the large income brackets.



It's all right, girls, put 'em down—he's only the cameraman. Ann Miller and Linda Darnell, lunching at the Wilshire, threw up their hands when the cameraman wanted to "shoot" them.



IT'S ALWAYS JULY
UNDER YOUR ARMS!

NONSPI *will protect* your good winter woolens against underarm "perspiration rot"*

1. NONSPI'S "Gentle Astringent Action" checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days... safely, effectively.
2. NONSPI will not injure delicate underarm pores. It is a clear, clean, greaseless liquid.
3. *NONSPI will guard your precious woolens; help make them last! "Analysis of NONSPI and applied tests of its use has been completed by the bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) E. D. Monroe
Chemist

BETTER FABRICS TESTING BUREAU, INC.
OFFICIAL LABORATORY OF
NATIONAL RETAIL DRY GOODS ASSOCIATION

Buy NONSPI at your favorite drug or department store

NONSPI

A SKIN-SAFE, FABRIC-SAFE DEODORANT AND
• ANTI-PERSPIRANT



MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS—Send poem for consideration. Any subject—Patriotic, Love, Home, Swing, Sacred. PHONOGRAPH ELECTRICAL TRANSCRIPTIONS, $7, from your word and music manuscripts. Write for FREE Rhyming Pamphlet.
KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
P. O. Box 2140 (Dept. SC) The Old Experienced Organization Bridgeport, Conn.

Your Hospital and Doctor Bills Paid!



3¢ A DAY
HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Insure NOW, before it's too late! Protect your savings against Hospital expense. Here's an amazing offer of safe, dependable coverage under America's most popular Hospitalization Plan. Family or individual eligible. When sickness or accident strikes, you may go to any Hospital in U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. YOUR EXPENSES WILL BE PAID exactly as Policy specifies. WAR coverage included. The Company is under supervision of the Insurance Dept. No agent will call.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

POLICY PAYS
Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to $540.00
Doctor Expenses to $135.00
Time Lost from Work up to $300.00
Loss of Life $1000.00
War Coverage and other valuable benefits

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. SC3-3, Wilmington, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
Name----------
Address----------
City---------- State----------

CORNS GO
while YOU carry on!

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly



LOSE no time these precious days! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—*while you carry on!* Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; make you truly foot-happy.

NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate *Medications* supplied for removing them. For sore toes from tight shoes, the pads alone will give you immediate relief—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

SONG POEMS WANTED

to be set to music. Phonograph records made. Send your poems for our offer and FREE Rhyming Dictionary.
VANDERBILT MUSIC STUDIOS
Box 112 Dept. F.H. Coney Island, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH

6th YEAR

Buy where thousands have been satisfied. We make FALSE TEETH for you from your own impressions.



LOW AS 7.95

90 DAY TRIAL
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION protects you.

SEND NO MONEY *Write TODAY for FREE Booklet and Material.*

J. B. CLEVELAND DENTAL PLATE CO.
Dept. 31-C3 East St. Louis, Illinois

POEMS WANTED

FOR MUSICAL SETTING Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send us your original poem at once for immediate consideration and FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY.
RICHARD BROTHERS, 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.



ITCH CHECKED In A Jiffy

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

His original appearance in Hollywood was for the purpose of making French versions of American pictures. His two most celebrated, in this category, were "The Big House" and "The Trial Of Mary Dugan," rather grim productions, but capable of making the best of his unique equipment, nevertheless. One day, while producers were trying to understand why it was that a grown man from France couldn't speak English whereas little boys, six years old, from England spoke English, Boyer suddenly surprised and delighted them by addressing them in excellent Anglo-Saxon. He had been secretly studying the language ever since embarking from France and keeping his enterprise a secret until such time as it could be expeditiously revealed. Ostensibly this was the time, because before nightfall he had been cast in "The Magnificent Lie" with Ruth Chatterton.

He made his first indelible impression on American audiences in "Private Worlds." He played a doctor and, while a most decorous practitioner in the script, he turned out to be the sort of doctor who unwittingly spreads confusion in a bewildered world. His feminine audiences couldn't decide whether, as his patients, they would get well and thus flatter his professional vanity or remain bedfast and enjoy him. It all made for a great deal of perplexity, but the rôle made him what he is today, or what he was when he made his decision to subordinate his charm to his broader ambitions.

After "Private Worlds" Hollywood, running true to form, began hurrying him. The inevitable desire to mine all the gold in a personality in the shortest possible time prompted producers to begin throwing scripts at Boyer with the enthusiasm of a carnival visitor pegging senile eggs at a Senegambian. A man who will not be hurried, Boyer had small patience with the avarice of his sponsors and refused to increase the tempo of his life an iota. The result of his attitude was that he made comparatively few pictures, but those he made were memorable.

He scored heavily in "Love Affair"—not because of his work, he says, but because of the unique skill of Director Leo McCarey. He still speaks of Mr. McCarey with sincere awe. Followed "Appointment For Love," "Back Street," "All This, And Heaven Too," "Hold Back The Dawn," "Tales Of Manhattan" and "The Constant Nymph." In all of these his reputation as the most lubricious of smoothies grew and soon, too, did his bank deposits and his antipathy for women.

He is not prepared to admit as much, but there are those who insist that he became a producer as a means of lessening the distaff pressure. Only the fact that he will not immediately go all out for producing, but will continue to appear in some of his own pictures is cited by those who shudder at the thought of his leaving the screen (and these include the fiscal heads of many Hollywood studios, practically none of whom are female) as proof that he is not altogether allergic to acclaim.

In view of his obvious timidity in the presence of women, the fact that he married one of the most fascinating actresses in the world, Pat Paterson, is something of a phenomenon. There have been various accounts of his meeting with and wooing of Miss Paterson, but most of them, he says, have been ninety-eight percent wishful thinking and two percent fact. The meeting was normal, his infatuation natural, and his decision to make her Madame Boyer inevitable.

He insists that the courtship was based on something more practical than the streamlined orchids and air-conditioned moonlight that the more impressionable



Jack Benny arriving in New York with his wife, Mary Livingstone, and daughter, six-year-old Joan. Jack is in the Big City to fulfill a jam-packed schedule of personal appearances at some Eastern Army camps.

historians write about. In fact, he says, he reversed the antique adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach and courted Miss Paterson, a thorough cosmopolite, through her own gastronomic urges.

The explanation for this lies in a fabulous cook employed by Boyer at the time he met Miss Paterson. He was such an *artiste* as could prepare the delectable viands of his native France as none since Escoffier. Miss Paterson enjoyed a reputation as a gourmet and Boyer, smitten to the point of chicanery, took to inviting her and her friends to dinner and setting a special bonus for his chef for each dish that captivated Miss Paterson's fancy unduly.

It worked, he says, after the manner of a man who has brought off an historic *coup*. Not only did Miss Paterson succumb to his courtship, but she insisted that after they were wed, Henri should continue as part of the Boyer charm. That's why Henri moved right into the amalgamated menages and remains there today, a white-capped and starchy-aproned Eros, watching over the progress of love from the market to the famous esophaguses of his employers.

The Boyers are not socially minded, probably because being socially minded would involve neckties. They spend most of their time in their Brentwood home where Madame Boyer assists her husband with his worrying. He is one of the most profound worriers in Hollywood, outranking even Jack Benny and Gregory Ratoff in that field and it is Madame Boyer's function to see to it that he worries neither too much nor too little. If he worries too much, he will not sleep well and if he worries too little, he also will not sleep well, The latter circumstance is accounted for by the premise that if he

hasn't had enough problems to beleaguer him, he will begin to worry about the insignificance of his place in the cosmos and, thus, won't sleep anyway.

Madame Boyer realizes that while a certain vague fatigue in his eyes is beneficial to him in his rôle of the great lover (makes the women feel it's his soul and not his liver that's upset), too much of it is likely to result in his being offered the rôle of *The Phantom Of The Opera*, or something ghastly like that. To avoid such a contingency, she, so to speak, handles the worry throttle, tending it with rare judgment and efficiency.

Unfortunately, she is not in a position to follow him onto the set, or into his studio bungalow, and it is there that he now contrives most of his worrying. He has an able assistant in this department in Director Jules Duvivier of "Flesh And Fantasy."

Both are slightly tetched on the matter of details and the smaller a point is, the more it seems to worry them. They have been known to spend hours brooding the various angles of a thirty second shot that in all probability will end up in a flash of the back of Miss Barbara Stanwyck's neck. Incidentally, Miss Stanwyck is the only person on the "Flesh And Fantasy" set capable of routing them out of their gloom. A brash and rollicking female, she has a quality of forthrightness that apparently overcomes most of Boyer's inhibitions. In fact, she had scarcely made her appearance on the set before she shocked everyone present, including M. Duvivier, by addressing Boyer as "Chuck."

Boyer was seen to waver under that first blast and to pass a slightly palsied hand over his famous eyes, but he rallied gamely and has since accepted Miss Stanwyck's eccentricities with signs of amused pleasure. Miss Stanwyck continues to employ the salty dimunitive, but her charming gall has not become epidemic. The remainder of the company, with the exception of M. Duvivier, still address the great lover as Mr. Boyer. Duvivier sticks to the formal, Gallic "Sharles." The betting odds are rather one-sided that "Chuck" will not become a vogue in Hollywood.

It is not the intent of this piece to brand Boyer as a forbidding personality. On the contrary, he is a most pleasant man. He talks freely and has a habit of smiling slyly while talking. He regards all wit with interest and some with apparent amusement, but he is not a raconteur, preferring to discuss matters out of which he may be able to derive some volatile fuel for worrying purposes.

"My friend," he says, when asked what a woman should have to captivate men, "I would be presumptuous to talk of such things. I am not an authority on women. The man who says he is is either crazy or soon will be. Virtues in some women are appalling in others. What may be fascinating in one might be repulsive in another, although I refuse to say that I have ever seen a repulsive woman (try to corner a *citoyen* like THAT). Beauty captivates sometimes, intelligence at others, but if I should have to make a flat statement, I'd say that intelligence is the more desirable quotient. That works with simpletons and wise men alike, whereas mere beauty is restricted to the first category."

Boyer's sincerity in his production venture is rather inspiring. He is convinced that a man who could accept his destiny as that of a great lover lacks character. Although he realizes that his tremendous fascination for women (on the screen only, he insists) has made him a rich man, he longs to be remembered as a producer, not a sedu— well, a charmer.

"There is much to be done in pictures," he says, "and I want to have a part in doing it. I'm not certain that I have found the medium I'm looking for in the episodic pattern, such as 'Flesh And Fantasy,' but I believe it's a step in the right direction. I feel that the medium is definitely more elastic than the conventional form and can result in broadening both viewpoint and presentation."

Now and then Madame Boyer tears him from his worrying long enough for a fortnight at Tahoe. He also has taken up golf in a sort of defensive way, but plays only on those days when no female foot is permitted to profane the greensward. His amazing gifts of concentration have made him highly efficient at the Scotch game and many of Hollywood's more widely publicized linksmen have trudged home in the gloaming, after a round with him, dazedly considering their chances of touching the studio for a quid to carry them over until the next pay day.

His formality on the set is apocryphal, but it stems from a highly developed sense of the rights of others to privacy and not from a superiority complex, which would be as foreign to him as a crease in his pantaloons. It is amusing to hear him address as Miss Garbo, Miss Colbert, or Miss Fontaine a beautiful woman who, but a few seconds before, had been acting as his accomplice in raising the fire hazard on the premises.

Even Madame Boyer has never been heard to call him anything, in public, but "Charles."

Chuck, indeed!

"Listen, Boys—" and Girls!

Continued from page 55

Just knowing how, gives you that self-confidence which is such an important element.

We mentioned the beauty angle a moment ago. This is a beauty secret that has become justly famous, and no secret any more. If you haven't tried it, it is high time you did. You lie down with your body in a straight line, your heels about forty-five degrees higher than your head. It is a wonderful way to relax, a very mild form of standing on your head, and it pinks your cheeks up in a very natural and pleasant way. When you apply your beauty preparations and then relax in the beauty angle, you get extra value from the creams. This is because of the increased circulation of blood in your face and throat. There seems to be good medical authority in support of the value of the beauty angle. Notice, too, that when you are lying in this position the pull on your facial muscles is "up" not "down." This is a welcome change. This is also why it is so valuable to lie down in the beauty angle when giving yourself a mask treatment. It helps the mask to give the muscles an extra "lift."

"Wait a minute," I hear you say. "What is there in this for me? I don't have time to go to a beauty salon and take a course like the one Mary Lou took!"

One of the nicest things about all this is that there is hardly a thing in the course you cannot do right in your own home, with guidance. Over fifty thousand other American women have proved it by using the DuBarry Home Success Course to direct them. It takes a little extra stamina, of course, to do things by yourself instead of in a class, but who said you didn't have a little extra stamina!

New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...
Removes this dull film



1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is never dry, or unruly
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from hours of vigorous brushing...**plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.**

1. Black	7. Titian Blonde
2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
3. Sable Brown	9. Topaz Blonde
4. Golden Brown	10. Dark Auburn
5. Nut Brown	11. Light Auburn
6. Silver	12. Lustre Glint

4. Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint...Over 40 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, Wash., Box 3366-A-13
Please send color No.____ as listed above.
Name
Address

GOLDEN GLINT

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write today for free booklet outlining profit sharing plan.
ALLIED MUSIC, Dept. 10
204 East Fourth St. Cincinnati, O.

THE GREATEST WEAPON WE CAN PUT IN THE HANDS OF OUR MEN IS THE FEELING THAT AMERICA CARES DEEPLY FOR THEIR WELFARE.
GIVE TO THE U.S.O.

PINS 55¢ up RINGS $1.50 up
For your class or club. Over 300 designs. Finest quality.
Write Dept. W, Metal Arts Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
FREE CATALOG

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. S101, 53 Park Place, New York, N Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



Huddle in Hollywood. Two grand guys, Lieutenants Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable of the U. S. Army Air Corps, had a reunion recently, and told each other how Army life agrees with them.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

her. Gene Kelly is, as we girls put it, very "cute."

I'm tired of the movie hero who saunters across the screen and does nothing but look handsome. Gene is no slushy pretty boy. Instead, he is natural, and has a sparkling personality and charm of his own. He dances like Fred Astaire, and sings to delight the ears.

Hats off to a grand show and a grand guy—Gene Kelly, for the picture was his from start to finish.

BETTY MAYE, Monongahela, Penna.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

Do you ever stop to think how the movies are responsible for many general impressions, some reasonable, but many groundless? The matter of switchboard operators, for example. Because the movies portray them as scatterbrains and comics, there are many people who have embraced the opinion and cling to it. Waitresses are usually portrayed as inattentive and wisecracking, another popular fallacy.

On the other hand, show girls are almost invariably represented as having hearts of purest gold, and putting three or four younger sisters and brothers through school and rushing home each night to a sweet old mother. Also, school teachers, on the screen, never are known to harbor a thought which does not breathe understanding and tolerance. Never could it be suggested that their ideas might possibly be a little prejudiced, or that they might be disgusted with the world and things in general.

The Hollywood powers spend millions of dollars so that their stories might be technically perfect as to era, dialect, and social custom, yet they cling to some formula types which are either a case of out-moded drama, or else just a matter of not knowing what goes on in this world of flesh and blood and human weakness.

EDITH ZITTLER, Chicago, Ill.

TO FRED

He's the nimble guy with the twinkling feet,
His lively heels tap out a beat;
To do as he does is no mean feat,
And yet he does it so doggone neat.

He's the big-eared guy with the soulful eyes,
The expressive hands and many ties;
'Tis sheer magic the way his body flies,
Makes you keep time with each fall and rise.

He's the lantern-jawed guy with the smile debonair,
A slender young torso and fast thinning hair;
And he dances so gracefully through the thin air,
Who is this guy? Why, he's Fred Astaire!

R. J. TSIRCH, Woburn, Mass.

I just read something in your Screentown Chatter department that riled me. Of course, I'm just a sailor, but I am one of the biggest movie fans in the country, so I'll have my little say right now.

You said you hoped that 20th Century-Fox would wait for Cesar Romero to return after doing his Coast Guard duties for Uncle Sam before they make another "Cisco Kid" picture. O. K. so Romero is good as *Cisco*. So what? There is one actor in Hollywood who can play the *Cisco Kid* just as well as Romero.

His name is Duncan Renaldo. He appears in countless numbers of Republic Westerns every year. He is a versatile actor—a good actor. I've seen him play a dashing vaquero, a humble peon, and a desert sheik. I've also seen him play an old Mexican servant in the "Zorro" picture that starred John Carroll. He was convincing in every rôle and has countless fans back in Mississippi.

G. B. PACE, SEA 2 C, Moscow, Idaho

Don't get me wrong—I like the current trend of the movies to flying pictures.

There is one question I would like to ask, though, WHY is it that the American pilot is always cocky, sure of himself, and a know-it-all? Then his lesson is always learned the hard way and he is snapped out of this wrong attitude by one of his closest buddies having to make an exit out of this life.

From what I have heard and seen of our U. S. flyers they are able to take orders and carry them out efficiently.

So now I am asking if we could please have a new order for flying pictures showing what the American aces are *really* like.

ROSEMARIE DELIE, Chicago, Ill.

I appreciate the loyal way Miss Savini came forward in behalf of her screen favorite, John Payne, in a recent issue of SCREENLAND. But doesn't Miss Savini think it unfair to criticize 20th Century-Fox so severely? Remember, those are her opinions concerning Mr. Payne. 20th Century would find it quite impossible to please all the fans.

In order to show you how we fans differ I must confess that John Payne has never made my pulse soar, while, on the other hand, I think Victor Mature is something rather super.

Be patient, fellow fan, your idol will get the breaks you desire for him in time. And, by the way, what was wrong with the meaty part he had in "Week End In Havana"?

GLORIA LEE JONES, Springfield, Ill.

Why in the name of something or other did they inflict a moustache on Walter Pidgeon in "White Cargo"?

There is a time and place for everything, but as far as I could see neither the picture nor Walter's face called for the appendage!

It not only detracted from his good looks but—more important—it killed his "oomph" and expression. He seemed like an entirely different person. I was reminded vaguely of some one—was it my uncle who lived in the gay nineties? Or one of the Marx brothers?

Anyway, I trust the decoration is not to be permanent.

Incidently, speaking of Walter, if Hollywood plans to make a picture based on "Pass the Ammunition," I hope he will get the rôle of the fighting parson. He would be perfectly cast.

Also, I should like to see him opposite beautiful Ann Harding, who made such a splendid comeback in "Eyes In the Night." His dark masculinity would complement her blonde fragility to perfection.

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers —*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop a* bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every payday. Each time your savings amount to $18.75, you get a bond worth $25.00 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do* it!

It's later than you think!

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY AT LEAST 10%

DO YOU KNOW?

- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33⅓ percent more in 10 years! You get back $4 for every $3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
- Joining your bank's Victory Club (it works like any Thrift or Christmas Club) is a convenient way to save for War Bonds for those who aren't members of a Pay Roll Savings Plan.
- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY **10% in War Bonds**

WOMEN AT WORK

It is estimated 15,000,000 women are employed in U. S. Industry today

YOU MAY BE NEEDED NOW

Ask at your nearest United States Employment Service Office

BUY WAR BONDS

It's CHESTERFIELD *for my taste*

When you're doing a bang-up job you want a bang-up smoke and for anybody's money you can't buy a better cigarette than Chesterfield.

Try them yourself...you'll find Chesterfields as Mild and Cool as the day is long...and Better-Tasting, too.

WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST

It's Chesterfield

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.